

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established  
Aug. 4, 1891.

HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers.  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

Price 10-20 A Year, in Advance.  
Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number  
10,000.

## A WELCOME TO SUMMER.

The Summer has come! oh, the Summer  
has come!  
The roses are blooming, the honey-bees hum;  
I hear the birds sing,  
And I see a bright wing  
Flash down by my window where trumpet  
vines cling;  
I see the bird sipping the bright dew which  
fell  
Last night in the cup of each scarlet-hued  
bell.  
He gives me a glance of his saucy black eye,  
As if he would ask, "Don't you wish you  
could fly?"

The Summer is here! oh, the Summer is  
here!  
Full-fledged with beauty, the Queen of  
the year.  
And all her gay band  
With bountiful hand  
Fling flowers and foliage over the land.  
The knobby old orchard's a forest of bloom;  
Its perfume comes wafting and fills all the  
room.  
And the crooked, brown apple-boughs joy-  
ously sway  
Broad arms of welcome, embracing the day.

The meadows are shining with jewels and  
gems—  
Quivering blossoms on tremulous stems.  
The bright cups swing,  
And the tiny bells ring,  
Welcome to Summer in everything!  
Welcome her, welcome her, flowers and  
trees!  
Welcome her, welcome her, streamlet and  
brook!  
Warble, ye woodland birds—honey-bees,  
hum!  
Summer is here at last—Summer has come!

## THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.  
AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PHILATE," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A DEADLY INTRODUCTION.

The last golden gleams of the setting sun  
sparkled across the translucent waters of  
Tampa Bay. This fading light fell upon  
shores fringed with groves of oak and mag-  
nolia, whose evergreen leaves became gradu-  
ally darkened by the purple twilight.  
A profound silence, broken by the occa-  
sional notes of a tree-frog, or the flapping  
of the night-hawk's wings, was but the pre-  
lude to that wonderful concert of animated  
nature heard only in the tropical forest.

A few moments, and the golden lines of  
trembling light had disappeared, while dark-  
ness almost palpable overshadowed the scene.

Then broke forth in full chorus the noc-  
turnal voices of the forest.  
The mocking bird, the whip-poor-will, the  
bittern, the bell-frog, grasshoppers, wolves,  
and alligators, all joined in the harmony in-  
cidents to the hour of night, causing a din  
startling to the ear of a stranger.

Now and then would occur an interval of  
silence, which rendered the renewal of the  
voices all the more observable.

During one of these pauses a cry might  
have been heard differing from all the other  
sounds.

It was the voice of a human being, and  
there was one who heard it.

Making his way through the woods was a  
young man, dressed in half-buff costume, and  
carrying a rifle in his hand. The cry  
had caused him to stop suddenly in his  
tracks.

After glancing cautiously around, as if en-  
deavoring to pierce the thick darkness, he  
again advanced, again came to a stop, and  
remained listening. Once more came that  
cry, in which accents of anger were  
strangely commingled with tones appealing  
for help.

This time the sound indicated the direc-  
tion, and the listener's resolution was at once  
taken.

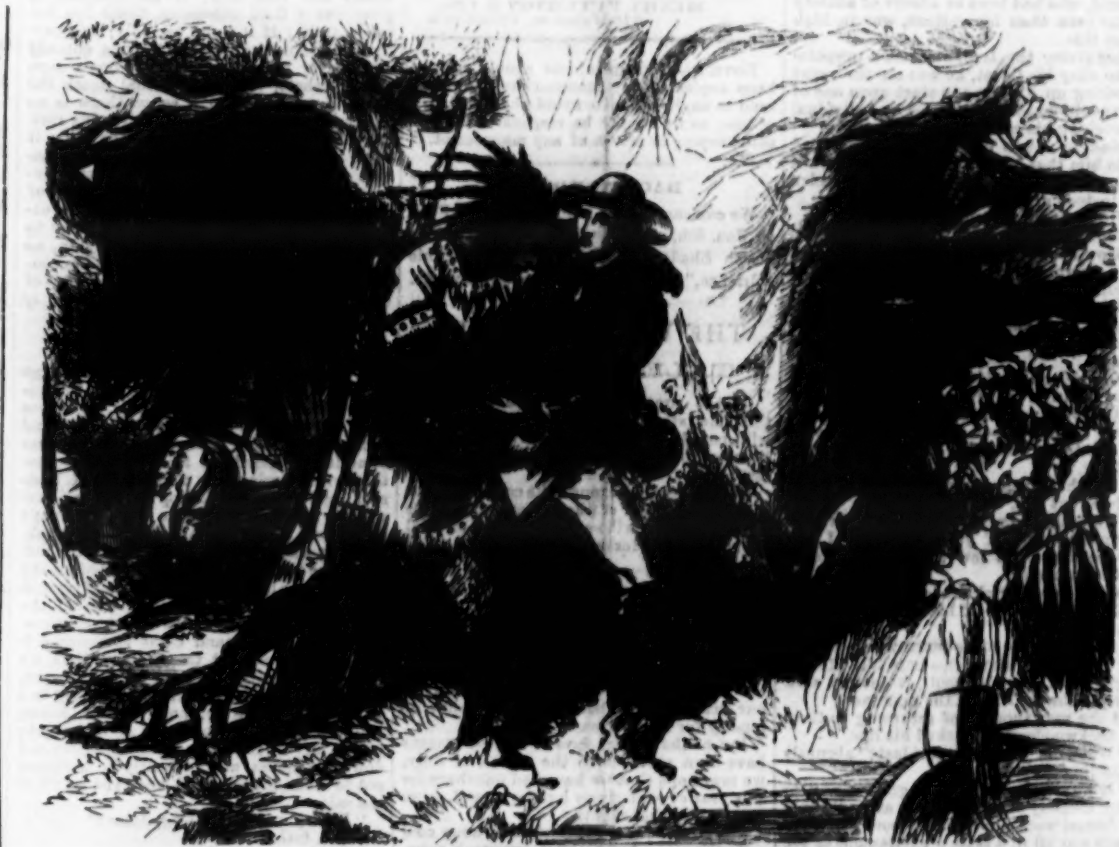
Thrusting aside the undergrowth, and  
trampling under foot the tall grass, he  
struck into a narrow path running parallel  
to the shore, and which led in the direction  
whence the cry appeared to have come.

Though it was now quite dark, he seemed  
easily to get over impediments, which even  
in broad daylight would have been difficult to  
pass.

The darkness appeared no barrier to his  
speed, and neither the hanging branches,  
nor the wild vine roots stayed his progress.

About a hundred paces further on, the  
path widened into a road that led to an  
opening, sloping gradually down to the  
beach.

On reaching its edge, he paused once  
more to listen for a renewal of the sound.



"LEAN ON ME, MY CANOE IS CLOSE BY."

pearance dead; while stooping over it was  
another youth, also an Indian. He appeared  
to be examining the body.

For some seconds there was no change in  
his attitude. Then all at once he raised him-  
self erect, and with a tomahawk that flashed  
in the moonlight above his head, appeared  
in the act of dealing a blow.

The hatchet descended; but not upon the  
body that lay prostrate.

A sharp report ringing on the air for an  
instant silenced all other sounds. The one upon  
the ground was Nelatu, the son of Oluski, a  
distinguished Seminole chief. The other was  
Red Wolf, a well-grown youth belonging to  
the same tribe.

So thought he who had fired the shot, and  
who was the young man already described.  
He stayed not to speculate, but rushed for-  
ward to the spot where the two Indians lay.

He had recognized them both. The one upon  
the ground was Nelatu, the son of Oluski, a  
distinguished Seminole chief. The other was  
Red Wolf, a well-grown youth belonging to  
the same tribe.

Only glancing at the would-be assassin to  
see that he was dead, he bent over the body  
of Nelatu, placed his hand upon the region  
of his heart, at the same time anxiously  
scanning his features.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of  
surprise. Beneath his fingers a weak pulsa-  
tion gave signs of life. Nelatu might yet  
be saved.

Pulling off his hat, he ran down to the  
beach, filled it with water, and, returning,  
sprinkled the forehead of the young Indian.

Then taking a flask containing brandy from  
his pouch, he poured a portion of its  
contents down the throat of the unconscious  
youth.

These kindly offices he repeated several  
times, and was finally rewarded for his  
pains. The blood slowly mantled Nelatu's  
cheek; a shivering ran through his frame;  
and with a deep sigh, he gazed dreamily upon  
his preserver, at the same time faintly mur-  
mured "Warren."

"Yes, Warren! Speak, Nelatu! What  
is the meaning of this?"

The Indian had only the strength to mut-  
ter the words "Red Wolf," at the same  
time raising his hand to his side with ap-  
parent difficulty.

The gesture made his meaning clear. War-  
ren's gaze rested upon a deep wound from  
which the blood was still welling.

By the tremulous movement of his lips,  
Warren saw that he was endeavoring to  
speak again. But no sound came from them.  
His eyes gradually became closed. He had  
once more fainted.

Warren instantly flung off his coat, tore  
one of the sleeves from his shirt, and com-  
menced stanching the blood.

After a time it ceased to flow, and then  
tearing off the second sleeve, with his  
braces knotted together, he bound up the  
wound.

The wounded youth slowly recovered con-  
sciousness, and looking gratefully up into  
his face pressed the hand of his deliverer.

"Red Wolf!"

"Yes. Red Wolf is a coward—a squaw;  
twice he who cried out."

"He will never cry out again. Look  
there!" said Warren, pointing to the life-  
less corpse that lay near.

Nelatu had not yet seen it. Unconscious  
of what had transpired, he believed that Red  
Wolf, supposing him dead, had gone away  
from the spot.

Warren explained.  
Still more gratefully did the Indian youth  
gaze upon the face of his preserver.

"You had an encounter with Red Wolf?  
I can see that of course; it was he who gave  
you this wound?"

"Yes, but I had first defeated him. I had  
him on the ground in my power. I could  
have taken his life. It was then, that like  
a coward, he called for help."

"And after?"

"I pitied and let him rise. I expected  
him to leave me, and go back to the village.  
He feared that I might speak of his defeat  
to our tribe, and for this he determined that  
my tongue should be forever silent. I was  
not thinking of it when he thrust me from  
behind. You know the rest."

"And why the quarrel?"

"He spoke wicked words of my sister,  
Samsuta."

"Samsuta!" exclaimed Warren, a strange  
smile overshadowing his features.

"Yes; and of you."

"The dog; then he doubly deserved  
death. And from me?" he added, in a tone  
not loud enough for Nelatu to hear, "what  
a lucky chance."

As he said this he spanned the body with  
his foot.

Then turning to the Indian he asked—  
"Do you think you could walk a little,  
Nelatu?"

The brandy had by this time produced an  
effect. Its potent spirit supplied the loss of  
blood, and Nelatu felt his strength returning  
to him.

"I will try," said the wounded youth.  
"Nelatu's hour has not yet come. He  
must not die till he has paid his debt to  
Warren."

"Then lean on me. My canoe is close by.  
Once in it you can rest at your ease."

Through the cultivated lands, mapped out  
like a painter's palette, ran a crystal stream,  
from which the rice fields were watered by  
intersecting rivulets, looking like silver  
threads in a tissue.

Orange groves margined its course, run-  
ning sinuously through the settlement.  
In places it was lost to sight, only to re-  
appear with some new feature of beauty.

Here and there it exhibited cascades and  
slight waterfalls that danced in the sun-light,  
sending up showers of prismatic spray.

There were islets upon which grew reeds,  
sedges and canes, surmounted by groups of  
caricass, and laurel-magnolias, the exo-  
genous trees overtopped by the tall, feathery  
palm.

In its waters wild fowl disported them-  
selves, scattering showers of luminous spray  
as they flapped their wings in delight.

Birds of rare plumage darted hither and  
thither along its banks, enlivening the groves  
with their jocund notes.

Far beyond, the swamp forest formed a  
dark, dreary background, which, by con-  
trast, enhanced the cheerfulness of the  
scene.

Looking seaward, the prospect was no less  
rependent of beauty.

The water, dashing and fretting against  
the rocky quays, glanced back to mist and  
foam.

Snow-white gulls hurried along the hori-  
zon, their wings cutting sharply against an  
azure sky, while along the silvery beach, tall,  
blue herons, brown cranes, and scarlet  
flamingoes, stood in rows, their forms re-  
flected in the pellucid element.

Such were the surroundings of the settle-  
ment on Tampa Bay.

The village itself nestled beneath the hills  
already mentioned, and comprised a church,  
some half-dozen stores, with a number of  
substantial dwellings, whilst a rude wharf,  
and several schooners, moored near by,  
gave tokens of intercourse with other  
places.

It was a morning in May, in Florida, the  
sweetest month of the year.

Borne upon the balmy atmosphere was  
the hum of bees and the melody of birds,  
mingled with the voices of young girls and  
men engaged in the labor of their farms and  
fields.

The lowing of cattle could be heard in  
the distant grazing grounds, while the tillers  
of the soil were seen at work upon their  
respective plantations.

There was one who looked upon this cheer-  
ful scene without seeming to partake of its  
cheerfulness.

Standing upon the top of the hill was a  
man of tall, gaunt figure, with a face some-  
what austere in its expression.

His strongly lined features, with a firm  
expression about the mouth, marked him for  
a man of no common mould.

He appeared to be about sixty.  
As his keen, gray eyes wandered over the  
fields below, there was a cold, determined  
light in them which betrayed no pleasant  
train of thought.

Elias Rody, as he turned from gazing on  
the panoramic view beneath, cast a glance  
of strange significance at those vestiges of  
the red man's habitation.

His features assumed a sharper cast, while  
a cloud came over his face.

"But for them," he muttered, "my  
wishes would be accomplished, my desires  
fulfilled."

What were his wishes? What his de-  
sires?

Ask the covetous man such a question,  
and, if he answered truly, his answer would  
tell a tale of selfish aspirations. He would  
envy youth its brightness, old age its wis-  
dom, virtue its content, love its joys, even  
Heaven itself its rewards, and yet, in the  
narrow bigotry of egotism, think he only  
claimed his own.

Elias Rody was a covetous man, and such  
were the thoughts at that moment in his  
mind.

They were too bitter for silence, and  
ventured themselves in words, which the winds  
alone listened to.

"Why should these redskins possess what  
I so deeply long for; and only for their  
short temporary enjoyment?—I would be  
fair with them; but they wrap themselves  
up in their selfish obstinacy, and scorn my  
offers."

How selfish others appear to a selfish  
man!

"Why should they continue to restrain  
me? If gold is worth anything, surely it  
should repay them for what can be only a  
mere fancy. I shall try Oluski once again,  
and if he refuse—"

Here the speaker paused.  
For some time he stood in contemplation,  
his eye roving over the distant view.

As it again lighted upon the settlement a  
smile, not a pleasant one, curled his lip.

"Well, there is time yet," said he, as if  
concluding an argument with himself. "I  
will once more try the golden bribe. I will  
use caution; but here will I build my house,  
come what may."

This natural conclusion, to an egotistic  
mind, appeared satisfactory.

It seemed to soothe him, for he strode  
down the hill with a springy, elastic step,  
more like that of a young man than one  
over whose head had passed sixty eventful  
years.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ELIAS RODY.

Whilst Elias Rody is pondering upon his  
scheme, let us tell the reader who he is.

A Georgian, who began life without any  
fixed idea.

His father, a wealthy merchant of Sa-  
vannah, had brought him up to do nothing;  
and, until he had attained man's estate, he  
faithfully carried out his father's teach-  
ing.

Like many lads born to competence, he  
could not appreciate the dignity of labor,  
and accordingly loitered through his youth-  
ful life, wasting both time and patrimony  
before discovering that idleness is a curse.

At his father's death, which happened  
upon Elias reaching his twentieth year, as  
the worthy merchant's property descended  
to the son, and the latter suddenly found  
himself the possessor of a large sum of  
money with a sort of feeling that something  
was to be done with it.

He accordingly spent it.  
Spent it recklessly, freely and rapidly,  
and then discovered that what he had done  
was not the thing he should have done.

He then became reformed.  
Which meant, that from a liberal, open-  
handed careless fellow, he changed to a  
cynical, cautious man.

With a small remnant of his fortune, and  
an inheritance from a distant relative, Elias  
became a man of the world, or rather, a  
worldly man.

In other words, he began life for a second  
time, and on an equally wrong basis.

Before his eyes were two classes of his  
equals. Reckless men with large hearts,  
and careful men with no hearts at all, for  
such was the organization of the society  
surrounding him.

Of the first class he had full experience;  
of the second he had none whatever.

To the latter he resolved to attach himself.  
It is useless wondering why this should  
have been. Perhaps he had never been  
fitted for the community of large-hearted  
men, and had only mixed with them through  
novelty, or ignorance of his own station.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain, he  
became before long a most exemplary mem-  
ber of the society he had selected for imi-  
tation. No one drove a closer bargain, saw  
an advantage (to himself), or could lay surer  
plans for securing it, than Elias Rody.

He learned, also, to control, and in every  
way wield influence over those around him.  
Power became his dream. He was ambi-  
tious of governing men.

Strange to say, this feeling was almost  
fatal to his prospects. We say strange, be-  
cause ambition generally carves its own road,  
and moulds its own fortune.

Rody, however, had commenced an active  
career too late to arrive at much importance  
in the political world—that grand arena for  
attaining distinction.

He therefore cast about him for another  
field of ambitious strife, and speedily found  
it.

At this time throughout the state of  
Georgia were many planters, who, without  
capital to purchase additional property,  
found themselves daily growing poorer as











## SUMMER DAYS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days! dear summer days! how sweet you are and fair!  
When honey smiles and fragrance breathes  
throughout the earth and air;  
When all the birds have built their nests in  
loving couples twined,  
And yellow butterflies in pairs come wait-  
ing down the wind.

The morning glories drape the wall with  
crimson, white and blue,  
Gauging with the honey-bee the long  
sweet mornings through;  
The humming-bird hangs poised above the  
lily's nectar-store,  
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest  
above the door.

The grandeur sits beside the porch, where  
cool shadows lie,  
While all the bees and butterflies and moths  
go flitting by;  
He never marks their flight, nor sees the  
swallows come and go,  
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks  
of long ago.

I ask him if these summer days bring not a  
rare delight,  
They rise so fair and glide so slow into the  
golden night.  
"Ah, me!" he says, "I dream upon the  
years that used to be,  
The days, since I have grown so old, seem  
all alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time  
when I shall say  
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in  
the day;  
When birds shall sing above my head their  
chorus glad and clear,  
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture  
to my ear?

I wonder if I, too, shall sit and dream an old  
man's dreams,  
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-for-  
gotten themes,  
While all the hues and symphonies of sea,  
and sky, and earth,  
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles  
nothing worth!

Ah no! whatever change may come, that  
change can never be—  
This lovely world can never lose its happy  
charm for me;  
Not all the sorrow time can bring, not all  
life's mightiest woes,  
Can take the color from the fern, the color  
from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and  
lose their keenest power,  
Yet, when the sparrow comes and sings at  
earliest morning hour—  
Ah! he who once has heard the song, can  
never cease to hear;  
I know the clear, ecstatic voice will pierce  
my heavy ear.

And I shall see the roses bloom, and note  
the pleasant hum  
Of humble bees, and wait at night to see the  
fire-flies come;  
And though my eyes may have, as yet, their  
bitterness to shed,  
I never can be wholly blind to evening's  
gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because  
my cheek is wan;  
The peach trees will not fail to blush be-  
cause my bloom is gone;  
And all the mists that mournful age may  
bring to cloud my view  
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's  
delicious blue.

This beautiful world, which every year re-  
news its youthful prime,  
Will be as fair when I am old as in my child-  
hood's time;  
And age can never be a scene of loneliness  
and gloom.  
To him who sees the swallows build—the  
morning-glories bloom.

## POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

V.

Polly did not find her position, under these  
circumstances, at all unpleasant—rather the  
reverse, indeed. There was a great deal  
going on at the Grange; never was Maggie  
so busy in the kitchen, or so little at leisure  
to devote herself to her friend; Laura and  
Fanny had, of course, occupations of their  
own, and were not going to be troubled with  
Maggie's darning; and so it fell out that she  
was often left to Bob, who had plenty of  
idle time on his hands, and was glad to em-  
ploy it.

The first morning after her arrival Polly  
was introduced to Stella in a large, level  
pasture-field, and Bob having put her in the  
saddle with infinite care, and many as-  
surances that she need not be in the least  
afraid, led the pretty creature slowly round  
the field. They were a capital match, he  
said, and, if Polly liked, Stella should be  
hers. Then Polly had the bridle in her own  
hands, and Stella walked quietly and obli-  
vingly after Bob close to the hedge, and  
then across the field to the gate, where Mrs.  
Livingstone stood, without being led. Mrs.  
Livingstone said Stella was admirably trained,  
and a docile, fine-tempered thing; and then  
she commended Polly as sitting nicely and  
straight up, and bade Bob mind and take  
care of her. This lesson was repeated every  
morning after breakfast, and Polly could  
soon ride well enough to be trusted on the  
road with Bob and Maggie, and so they took  
several excursions together, not very long,  
and Polly made acquaintance and drank tea  
informally at several neighboring houses,  
where she was evidently welcomed for some-  
body's sake besides her own.

Every time this significant sort of welcome  
was given her, Polly's heart suffered that  
strange physical wrench, and so it did often  
when she was with Bob alone, and he said  
kind words, and gave her kind looks that  
implied his love for her. He was never  
rough with her now, but very quiet and  
wary, as if he had an inkling of that hidden  
 pang, and was watching for his opportunity  
to speak without wounding her, and so finally  
to cure it. His woe was not at all unlike  
the process of breaking in Stella; Polly was  
quite as shy, as proud, as averse to bit and  
bridle as that pretty thoroughbred; but,  
once subdued, Bob thought she would also

be as good and as obedient to his hand. Yet  
all this while he was endeavoring to make  
her compliant and tractable, Polly was  
hardening her mind against him, and per-  
plexing Maggie more and more every day.  
She had no fear of herself what she should  
do; if Bob were on such a tack as to make love  
to her openly (as if his daily life at present  
was not all love-making!), but she had many  
doubts whether she had done what she  
ought to have done in coming to Blackthorn  
Grange. She had read very few novels,  
and was a child for worldly wisdom; but  
she knew it was not good for a governess to  
be called a flirt, and Maggie had said to her  
that if she did not like Bob, she was no bet-  
ter than a flirt and a coquette, to which Polly  
had replied that she did like Bob, and she  
would not have had names fastened upon  
her. But both the girls knew that they  
were talking at cross purposes, and that  
liking meant very different things in their  
vocabularies; standing for downright true  
love in Maggie's, and in Polly's for a mere  
general sentiment free to all the world.

Thus matters went on for a week. Bob  
always confident and easy, Polly sweet with  
him and savage with herself, and Maggie at  
her wit's end over the vanity and vexation  
of other people's courtships. "If," cogi-  
tated she—"if Polly behaves badly to Bob,  
she'll have such a fall in my mother's es-  
teem that I shall never be allowed to set  
eyes on her again—the plaguey puss! She  
would be awfully kind and sensible if she  
were left to her own discretion, for she has  
the dearest little warm heart in the world  
for them that love her; and she need not  
think she is blinding me; she is ever so fond  
of Bob, bless her! only she is persuaded that  
she's cut out for a single life. What a silly,  
selfish woman Mrs. Curtis must be to have  
filled her with such notions! I have not  
patience to think of her!"

The wretch at Polly's heart was very fre-  
quently repeated at this time; it was re-  
newed, indeed, day by day. There was an  
old friend of the Livingstone family, a widow  
lady, who often dropped in with her work  
of an afternoon, and was quite in the con-  
fidence of the sisters. She tried to take  
up Polly in the same way, during one of her  
visits, and extolled Bob so highly that Maggie  
sat in dread lest Polly should indulge in one  
of those sharp, satiric speeches for which  
she was famous at school when provoked.  
But no; Polly sat humiliated and in pain,  
listening to feeble anecdotes of Bob's baby-  
hood and boyhood, most of which she had  
already heard from his mother, and wishing  
she was safe at home and her trials and  
temptations over. The family friend plainly  
assumed that she had a special interest in  
Bob, or soon would have, and she did not  
feel skillful enough to parry the assumption  
without betraying that she understood it.  
All Polly's feints consisted in refusing to see  
what she did not wish to see. While the  
talk was still at its height, down came a  
heavy pour of rain, and Bob strolled in from  
the garden. Polly was in possession of his  
peculiar chair, and quite simply, not mean-  
ing any offence or expecting it to be taken,  
he said, "Get up, Polly, and you shall sit on  
my knee." Polly got up, and would have  
stepped away; but Bob dexterously inter-  
cepted her and thrust her on his knee,  
adding, in a cheerful, explanatory tone, "She  
is going to be my little wife, Mrs. Davis—  
are you not, Polly?"

"There go two words to that bargain,"  
said Maggie, and laughed nervously. Polly  
did not speak, but she made a gentle de-  
cided move to extricate herself, her heart  
beating with pang after pang, and her eyes  
turned with pathetic entreaty on Bob's face.  
Bob, who loved her eyes, smiled at their  
helpless sweetness, and thought they were  
like his favorite settler's when she covered  
at his feet, fearing punishment. He did not  
let her go at once, and she did not struggle—  
dignity forbade—but she slipped away by-  
and-by, and contrived to say, pleasantly,  
that though it might be a vast honor to sit  
on Bob's knee, she greatly preferred a chair,  
at which Bob laughed, perhaps rather too  
incredulously.

The day but one after this was the day  
fixed for Polly to go home. Mrs. Living-  
stone was very kind to her, and hoped she would  
soon return for a longer stay; and this she  
repeated so frequently that Polly quite un-  
derstood that she had no doubt of it. Bob  
left her little peace, but he did not put her  
out of her pain until the last morning when  
she had begun to think she was to get away  
without incurring the worst test. It was  
settled the night before that she should go  
to the station with Maggie and Laura in the  
pony-carriage, which had a front and back  
seat; and when she had said good-by to Mrs.  
Livingstone and Fanny indoors, and came  
out at the garden-door in the morning sun-  
shine, there was Bob in a light summer suit,  
looking in the finest spirits, but excited  
within.

"Are you going, Bob?" I have put on my  
driving gloves," said Laura, who had already  
taken the reins.

"You may drive and welcome; I only  
want to go to the turn of Pickett's Lane;  
I'll sit behind with Polly," said he, and put  
her in, and followed himself. Then Maggie  
mounted by her sister, and off the pony went  
at a frisky trot.

Polly's parting glimpse of the Grange was  
adorned by the figures of Mrs. Livingstone  
and Fanny in the porch—Fanny waving her  
hand and crying, "Come back soon, Polly;  
come back soon!" The road was long and  
perfectly level and straight, but it wavered  
in capricious zigzags before Polly's eyes,  
while roses and lilies contended for the do-  
mination of her face. Bob was there, and  
watching her, and her heart was all one  
great swelling pang. She would have given  
anything for leave to cry, but this was  
neither the time nor place for tears, and she  
had forgotten her veil. Bob was apparently  
occupied with the landscape, but he did not  
lose one change of her sweet little face, and  
presently he began to speak of her return to  
the Grange.

"But I shall see you before then, Polly,"  
he went on; "I am coming to Norminster  
next week, and you will introduce me to  
Jane and your mother. I am only a rough  
fellow, but I love you, dear, Polly, and  
you must speak for me. I'll promise to take  
all the care in the world of you if you'll be  
my precious little wife—don't you believe  
me, Polly?"

"I know you are very good, Bob, but I  
made up my mind long since that I could  
take care of myself," said Polly, with sad-  
den, inevitable, wicked quiet, that came to  
her aid from no one could tell whence.

"What on earth do you mean, Polly?"  
demanded Bob, started out of his happy  
complacency.

"What I say. You are very kind, but—  
but I don't intend to marry."

Bob was poised for a moment, though not  
silenced. "Change your mind for me, Polly.  
Don't you think we could be happy together?"

I have quite set my heart on you; I cannot  
live without you."

"That is what all men say beforehand;  
but I have heard my mother talk. No, Bob;  
I shall make a better governess than wife;  
I am not cut out for anybody's wife."

"Let me judge of that, Polly; don't shake  
your head. What has come over you to be  
such a little savage all at once? You were  
very nice yesterday; why did you let a fel-  
low go on worshipping you, if you meant to  
be so hard on him at last? I don't under-  
stand it; I won't believe you can seriously  
mean to use a fellow so badly. Is it true,  
then, that you don't care for me? Is it true  
that you can't be happy with me—that you  
won't even think of it?"

There was no softening or promise in  
Polly's countenance. She was feeling that  
she had come through the dreaded ordeal  
wonderfully, and the pride and excitement  
of a complete victory over the traitor in her  
bosom sustained her. Bob was speechless  
for a few minutes. They approached the  
turn of Pickett's Lane. At the supreme mo-  
ment he looked at her once more with wrath-  
ful love, and said, in a constrained voice,  
"Then you'll have nothing to do with me,  
Polly?" Her heart moved with a cruel  
spasm, but her, "No, Bob," came out cold,  
clear, and clear as a drop of ice water.

Bob stepped into the road as Laura  
checked the pony; the halt was not for half  
a minute, and he had disappeared, and Polly  
was left to enjoy the triumph of principle  
over natural affection.

Maggie understood but too well what had  
happened, and, doing by Polly as she would  
have been done by in similar circumstances,  
she took no notice of her disappointing friend  
until they arrived at the station. There  
were not two minutes to wait, and the train  
dashed in. Laura stayed outside with the  
pony. Maggie took Polly's ticket, saw her  
luggage safe and herself in a carriage alone;  
and then, just as the guard came along with  
his whistle and "All right," she kissed her,  
and said, with a sob, "I am awfully sorry,  
Polly; but it is your own fault. You de-  
serve to die an old maid, and I believe you  
will!"

VI.

It may, perhaps, be anticipated that Polly  
repented at once, for she was certainly fond  
of Bob; but it cannot confidently be averred  
that she did. When she arrived at home,  
her mother and Jane thought her looking  
remarkably rosy and well; nothing was ob-  
served to be the matter with her spirits, and  
as she kept her own counsel about Bob's  
offer, she had neither praise nor blame to  
endure, nor question, nor comment, nor  
criticism. Mrs. Saunders did remark once,  
"You have not picked up a beau in the  
country, then, Miss Polly?" and her mother  
did rejoice that she hoped her girls had more  
sense than to dream of *beaus*, but that was  
the nearest allusion to the subject; and,  
when the holidays were over, she went back  
to the Warden House and resumed her  
school-room work, in her orderly systematic  
way, as if she had not a care or a thought  
beyond it. For a month or two Mrs. Stap-  
leton lived in daily expectation of a notice  
that she must provide herself with another  
governess; but no notice coming, she con-  
cluded that Polly had missed her chance, and,  
as she suited her admirably in every  
way, she was not sorry. Maggie's letters  
were not much less frequent or affectionate  
than formerly, but Polly was not invited  
again to spend her holidays at the Grange,  
as was very natural. Nor did they meet.  
People may live half a lifetime within a few  
miles of each other, and never meet, if  
neither desire it; and the three years Miss  
Mill had decreed as the shortest time any  
governess who meant to prosper in her voca-  
tion should stay in her first place went over  
without ever bringing the two friends within  
eyesight of each other again.

Nobody died, meanwhile, and nobody was  
broken-hearted; only Mrs. Livingstone was  
once heard to say, bitterly, to Maggie,  
"Don't let me hear any more of your Polly  
Curtis!" and henceforth Polly's letters were  
read in private, and her name was never  
mentioned at the Grange. Bob was not the  
heart; he was more inclined to console him-  
self in a way that was a sorrow to those at  
home. But Polly heard nothing of these  
consolations. When she mused of her old  
visits at Blackthorn Grange, which she did  
with a tender paradoxical regret (seeing  
how she had terminated them,) her imagi-  
nation always represented everything there  
as it used to be, though she knew Laura and  
Fanny were married and gone, and that Mrs.  
Livingstone was no longer the active, strong  
house-mother she had been. And an uncon-  
scious change had come over Polly herself.

A sweeter little woman to behold there was  
not, far nor near, though she dressed herself  
indifferently, as women do who have no de-  
sire or expectation of attracting. She had  
great fortitude at her tedious work, and  
never flagged; she improved herself by  
private study, and had economized a few  
pounds, which she meant to carry her to a  
foreign school, where she proposed to teach  
English in return for lessons in music and  
languages. Mrs. Curtis approved of her en-  
tirely, and Jane had ceased to complain.  
Yes, Polly was most exceedingly reasonable  
and practical, and was an anxiety to no one;  
yet sometimes a terrible sense of isolation  
would come over her, and she would cry  
softly, with that old spasm of the heart,  
"Oh, what a fool I have been!" as if she was  
sorry for some past irretrievable blunder.

She had no longer the conceit of her own  
strength that was so obtrusive in her at  
seventeen. She had heard other people talk  
besides her mother and Mrs. Sanders, and in  
the loving, kindly family where she was do-  
mesticated she saw quite the other side—  
the happy side—of married life. But she  
was naturally reserved, and as she had reli-  
giously kept her one offer to herself, so she  
kept her repentance (if it was repentance,) and  
at the three years' end she prepared to  
change the scene of her life, and go to Ger-  
many.

Maggie Livingstone shed a few vexed tears  
over Polly's letter which brought the first  
announcement of her projected travels, and  
her brother Bob surprised her again, as he  
had surprised her on the original occasion  
which led to the Grange.

"Going to Germany, is she?" said he, when  
the communication of her affairs had been  
made to him—"going to Germany—"

"Yes, and I shall never see her again very  
likely. Poor little Polly! I was so fond of  
her, Bob!"

"Other people were fond of her, too,  
Maggie, but it was no use; she has not a bit  
of heart."

"Don't say that, Bob; she has heart  
enough for anything, but her head was  
cramped with ridiculous theories and non-  
sense. I daresay she is wiser now."

"We are all of us that when it's too late,"  
rejoined Bob, and walked out of the room  
softly whistling.

It was the same evening that Maggie, ad-  
dressing her brother, said: "Bob, you'll  
drive me into Lamswood on Saturday; I  
have written to ask Polly to meet me at  
Miss Wiggins's shop, if it is fair, for a last  
walk and talk together. I can't bear the  
thought of letting her go so far from home  
without a word of good-by."

"All right, Maggie," said Bob, with seem-  
ing indifference, but Maggie knew better  
than to believe it was real. She felt sure  
that when he did not hear or answer her  
further talk that he was musing of Polly—  
perhaps whether she was wiser or not now.

Polly was touched by Maggie's longing to  
see her again: "Dear old Maggie," she has  
forgotten me at last," she said.

Polly arrived first at the place of their ap-  
pointment, and was sitting upstairs in Miss  
Wiggins's show-room when the Grange dog-  
cart stopped at the door. She looked out  
with a pale little emotional face, and the  
ornel wrung at her heart; but no one looked  
up from below. There was Bob dressed in  
mourning, and Maggie and a little boy also  
in mourning, and a groom behind, who as-  
sisted Maggie to alight, and then lifted the  
child down and set him on the pavement by  
her. Maggie took the boy by the hand to  
enter the shop, and Bob drove off up the street,  
and was out of sight before his sister could  
mount the stairs. Polly stood fronting the  
door, and as Maggie caught a view of her  
she cried: "Bless thy bonnie face, Polly,  
it's just the same as ever!" and they kissed  
with all the old love that used to be between  
them. And, of course, they cried a little  
together, until the appearance of Miss Wig-  
gins, intent on business, obliged them to  
clear their countenances, and take an in-  
terest in the fashions.

Maggie said she wanted nothing for her-  
self, but she would look at some children's  
spring coats; and while Miss Wiggins was  
bringing forth patterns she called the child  
to her knees, and, taking off his hat, ruffled  
up his hair, and asked Polly who he was like.  
"He is like Bob," said Polly, and blushed  
with soft surprise.

"It is Bob's son," replied Maggie. "Kiss  
this pretty little, Arty." Arty was nothing  
loath, and Polly having supplied him with a  
box of harmless sugar-plums from Miss Wig-  
gins's various stores, he sat on a stool at  
her feet, and was extremely content with  
his own society while the friends talked in  
hushed and interrupted tones.

"A hundred things have happened at the  
Grange that I never told you of; but you  
may have heard whispers? No! You know  
nothing about it, then? You governesses  
live quite out of the world, I suppose," said  
Maggie, and paused.

"In a very quiet secluded little world of  
our own," said Polly, and lifted up the  
child's face to look at him again.

"He's pretty— isn't he? It was after—  
you know what—Bob took up suddenly with  
a girl in the village, and though we never  
knew it until she was dead (she died last  
October) he was married to her, and Arty is  
his heir. Bob dotes on him, and my mother  
too; she insisted on having him brought  
home to the Grange, and if ever you go to  
our church again you'll see 'Alice, the faith-  
ful wife of Robert Livingstone' on the family  
monument. She was quite a com-  
mon person, and Bob would never have ac-  
knowledgeed her in my mother's lifetime;  
but there's the story, and not so bad as it  
might have been. She was handsome, and  
she loved Bob, or she would never have  
borne being looked down on as she was for  
his sake, or have kept his secret. However,  
it is out now, and she is gone—"

Hasn't Arty eaten sweeties enough for  
once?" inquired Polly, caressing the child,  
but making no response to Maggie.

"Yes; give the box to auntie to put in her  
pocket," Maggie said, and Arty with a little  
unwillingness yielded it up.

Then the spring coats were looked at, and  
one chosen, and a garden hat, and Arty was  
put to sleep for an hour on Miss Wiggins's  
bed, while Polly and her friend took a walk  
by the river, and continued their conversa-  
tion. All the news was on Maggie's side.  
Polly had none—literally none.

"And you never will have any while you  
go on living to yourself—your interests will  
lessen every day you live. Oh, Polly, it  
makes me sad to look at you, and to think  
what might have been," said Maggie, ten-  
derly.

"Never mind! Let bygones be bygones,"  
said Polly; but there were tears in her eyes,  
and almost a sob in her throat.

Then they discussed Fanny and Laura  
and Maggie's private concerns, which were  
in a promising way, and the time went so  
swiftly that they were five minutes behind  
the hour agreed on for Bob to take his sister  
and little son up at Miss Wiggins's shop to  
go home. The dog-cart, however, was not  
at the door, and Maggie said she was glad,  
for Bob did not like the mare to be kept  
standing. They ascended to the show-room  
to wait, and he was not long in coming; he  
was too soon, indeed, for half they had to  
say. At the sound of the wheels in the  
street, Polly offered herself for a last hug  
of her friend's kind arms, and Maggie was  
all in tears.

"You'll come down and speak to Bob,  
just for a minute?" said she, and Polly suf-  
fered herself to be entreated, and went with  
all her heart in her face.

Bob evidently expected her, though he  
colored when she appeared; and as he lifted  
his hat, she saw he was ever so much older,  
but he had his kind rallying smile for her,  
as he said:

"You wear well, Polly; better than most  
of us, I think."

"It is a calm life at the Warden House,"  
said she, quite with a shaken voice.

"And so you are going all the way to Ger-  
many—going by yourself?"

"Yes." She had to stand aside for Mag-  
gie and the child to reach their places, and  
from the step of Miss Wiggins's shop she  
waved them all her good-by. She was still  
standing gazing after them, when Bob look-  
ed round before turning the corner of the  
street, and told Maggie to dry her tears and  
not fret.

"I can't help fretting when I think I shall  
perhaps never see her again; dear little  
thing that she is! Oh, Bob, if you had  
only waited to ask her till now that she's  
come to a right sense of things."

Bob made no answer to his sister's rueful  
adjuration; he was lost in thought of Polly's  
beauty and Polly's sweetness, as they were  
once and were still, and wondering whether  
she would have anything to do with him  
now.

Perhaps you can guess how it all ended,  
and I need tell you no more.

Yes, Bob asked Polly again, and Polly  
gave him a prettier answer this time. Mrs.  
Curtis cried at the wedding, and forebode

many evils, but they have not befallen yet.  
While waiting for them, she is, however,  
blessed in a standing grievance—namely,  
that Polly's one boy is not the eldest son,  
and will not inherit the Livingstone Manor.  
But she is not aware that she herself is to  
blame for this, her pet mortification, and  
Polly is not likely to tell her.

## CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

Reaching after sunbeams

With a dimpled hand—

That is right, my darling,

Grasp the golden band.

Fold it to your bosom;

Let it cheer your heart;

Gather radiant sunbeams;

Bid the clouds depart.

When your feet shall wander

From my side away,

You will find that evil

With the good may stray.

Never heed it, darling,

Let it pass the while;

Gather only sunbeams!

Keep your hearts from guile.

Grief may be your portion,

Shadows dim your way;

Clouds may darkly threaten

To obscure the day.

Don't despair, my darling,

There's a Father's love;

How could there be shadows

With no light above?

—The Little Corporal.

## THE DUENNA'S STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

TRICKS AND MANNERS.

If ever there was a tiresome, pert, aggra-  
vating mix of a girl in this world, that girl  
was that precious pupil of mine, Miss Jes-  
sica Flake. I have read in many novels—  
being partial to what a bishop the other  
day kindly called general literature—vivid  
descriptions of the indignities habitually  
heaped on friendless governesses by the  
amiable parents of their pupils, and I am  
prepared to say that they may all be en-  
dured with equanimity provided the pupils  
themselves are rational, admirable, accom-  
plished sort of girls. But when, in addition to  
behaving at all times in a manner calcu-  
lated to nanarate every well-regulated mind,  
a young woman of nineteen, with every  
worldly advantage, and a considerable share  
of what I believe men consider beauty, takes  
to throwing in the teeth of a lady of—well,  
some years her senior, the natural desire for  
matrimony common to all her sex, and to  
dinning into her ears the necessarily large  
number of ladies who fail to attain to wedded  
happiness, the situation of preceptress really  
becomes almost unendurable. That I never-  
theless did endure it for many years, and  
even afterwards accepted a position, if pos-  
sible, still more repugnant to my feelings,  
may be ascribed to the fact that my salary  
certainly was munificent, that I was treated  
by Miss Flake's guardians—who was a wine-  
merchant and a widower—with the greatest  
regard and consideration, and that for some  
hours at least of every day my time was my  
own. In fact, but for Jessica, I should have  
done very well; and as, but for her, my  
situation would not have existed at all, I  
was compelled by a hard fate to keep my  
grievances in my pocket and to tolerate the  
presence of—if I may be allowed a strong  
expression—my abhorred pupil.

Not that Jessica herself had any idea of  
my real sentiments towards her; on the con-  
trary, her vanity led her to imagine that I  
really liked her society, and she bestowed a  
good deal of that valuable commodity upon  
me. She would come lolling into my  
room of an afternoon in one of her rich  
silks—I believe she dressed by command with  
Marshall's, for a box from that establish-  
ment arrived regularly every week—she  
would come lolling in, I say, with her  
black hair tumbling untidily over her shoul-  
ders, and a vulgar red color in her cheeks,  
and throw herself down on the sofa by my  
window as saucily as you please.

"I'm afraid I'm too late for my German  
lesson," she would say. "I've been asleep  
in the sun under the chestnut tree, and  
never woke till just this minute. I hope  
you didn't stay in-doors for me, you dear  
old man?" (short for Miss Manners.)

Not choosing to notice her impertinence,  
I would make her no answer. Then she  
would cooly stretch out her hand for my  
book.

"What have you got there? Oh, you  
naughty, old, romantic thing! I thought I  
told you to read no more French novels.  
They'll only make you miserable and dis-  
contented. Dear me, it's a thousand pities  
everybody can't marry and live happily ever  
after, as they do in the books; but the sad  
fact is, that they can't. There's no fighting  
against statistics, you know. A million su-  
perfluous spinsters in Great Britain; 365,000  
extra women, nearly all of the upper classes,  
in England alone! Think of all the heart-  
break, and struggle, and disappointment that  
represents! I needn't be one of them  
unless I choose, because I'm rich and clever,  
and I suppose I'm handsome; but I'm not  
sure that I shan't resolve to be an old maid,  
and lessen the competition. That will be  
bestowing one more chance upon you, don't  
you see? You may marry my husband, per-  
haps. Oh, you poor, kind soul, I'm afraid  
I'm hurting your feelings again. But you  
know I don't mean it; it's only in all my  
heart I am to her, I dare say."

That was the way she was always rattling on.  
On coming of age, Jessica, with her usual  
love of ostentation, had insisted on setting up  
a pony carriage, with a handsome pair of  
spirited ponies, which she was utterly un-<



accord as a surprise gift, and Jessica had had me lifted out and carried into the toll-man's cottage, and had sent for the doctor. Well, for once in her life I thought she might have done worse. He was very handsome—that could be seen at a glance—with a fine, open, intellectual face, and he was young; not beyond thirty, I should say, my own age. He gave me some sal-volatile, and I was soon able to look up and speak; I need hardly say that no power on earth should have induced me to trust myself a second time to my pupil's skill, and it ended by Dr. Reddman good-naturedly offering to drive me himself, and to send a fly from the nearest inn to fetch Jessica, who was on too large a scale to perch on the seat which her little servant occupied behind the carriage. Shall I ever forget that drive? Shall I ever cease to recall the sensation of ineffable repose with which I leaned back among the soft cushions, and watched that pair of strong hands upon the delicate white reins? Can I ever bury in oblivion the luxurious languishing rapture which filled my being, as, looking shyly upwards, my eyes rested upon a lovely brown beard, tipped with silver? Alas, I can only reply—never, never. My companion was silent; but now and again he glanced towards me; once he drew my cloak closer. There was an indescribable something in this simple action which told its own tale; an indefinable tenderness pervaded his manner. For the moment I felt that whatever else life might have in store for us, we could not be parted. We were indissolubly, eternally united. The impression had doubtless been sudden, but it was clearly vivid, ineffable, and—mutual. I endeavored, as well as my emotion would allow, to thank him for his kindness.

"My dear madam, you owe me no thanks," he said; "I was only too happy to be at hand. To that young lady, Miss Fluke, thank you for her courage and presence of mind in all her probability over your life, your valuable life, my dear madam. Can she ever experience a greater happiness than in thus being the preserver of her friend?" and his eminently handsome eyes looked softly into mine. Then again, when the drive was over:

"You will allow me, I trust, to call upon you to-morrow? After such a shock as your nerves have sustained the greatest care will be necessary. And you will oblige me, I am sure," he continued, with a smile, "even if I keep you a prisoner for a few days, to give the system time to recover;" and then he helped me to alight, pressed my hand, and, as the novels say, was gone—to take the ponies round to the stable.

A short period of bliss followed the events of that day. Dr. Reddman called daily, and would accept no fees. Sometimes he brought me a bouquet of spring flowers, sometimes the last new novel, always his own admirable conversation. His visits were sometimes prolonged for hours. After such a *boulevardement*, I required, he said, amusement and cheerful society more than medicine, and it should be his business to provide his patient with what was best for her. He certainly kept me on my sofa for an unreasonable time; but I was well content to obey his directions, and had no desire to recover prematurely. The device was transparent, and but for the constant presence during these interviews of my delectable chaperone, and an objectionable habit she had taken up of following Dr. Reddman out of the room to inquire his real opinion of me—the deceitful chit—I should have been perfectly happy.

About this time a peculiar softness seemed to have come over Jessica. She talked less about the 365,000 spinners, seemed disposed to idle brooding, and more than once, when she turned round suddenly, I fancied that her eyes were moist. Jealous, my lady, are you? was my interpretation of her demeanor. So much the worse for you.

One night, after the household were in bed, she came into my room, looking like Lady Macbeth, with her long hair all hanging round her like a black cloak, and streaming over the scarlet skirt of her dressing-gown.

"You're not in bed, are you?" she said, as she came in. "I want to talk a bit to-night if I may. Somehow I can't sleep. I feel so excited, dear Man, and so—so happy."

She said no more, but sat down, and began gazing into the fire, which I still had in the evening, as if she was trying to read her fortune in the hot coals. I don't know what possessed me at that moment to confide in her. I certainly never felt any inclination to do so before or since. However, it is the business of my readers, and not mine, to fathom my motives. Suffice it that I felt I must speak.

"My dear Jessica," I began, "I was just wishing for you." That was untrue, of course. There must have been something peculiar in my tone, for she turned round instantly, brush in hand, and looked at me. I could see that she was unprepared for what was to come. Having my suspicions as to the state of her feelings, I thought it best to go on, and put her out of her misery at once.

"I wanted to ask you a question, Jessica. Have you—have you ever noticed anything peculiar in Dr. Reddman's manner?"

Her answer to this was to come and kneel by my sofa, to throw her arms round my neck in the most unexpected way, and to cry.

"Oh! you dear, clever woman, have you really found it out?"

This was an embarrassing way of receiving my communication, and I tried to speak again, but she cut me short.

"Don't you hate him for contriving to keep you quiet on your sofa all these days? I am afraid it was ill-behaved, but there was some excuse for it, wasn't there? you'll forgive it now, won't you?"

Her vehemence perplexed me. It always did.

"Of course, Jessica," I said, "I have observed a feeling growing up in Dr. Reddman's mind, which—in short you seem to have noticed it too, but is it possible that he has said anything to you upon the subject?"

"Only to-day, dear. I would have told you if he had done so before. It wouldn't have been fair to tie the poor dear to her sofa an hour longer than necessary."

"You would, not, indeed, I trust, have kept me longer in suspense in a matter in which my happiness is so deeply involved. I appreciate the delicacy of the way Dr. Reddman has chosen of making known his wishes. When you see him to-morrow, dear Jessica, you may tell him from me—that—that I am not altogether indifferent to his intentions."

I never saw in any face such a mixture of expressions as was in Jessica's at that moment. She suddenly jumped, with a

breathless always particularly disagreeable to me, and burst out laughing. But in a moment she changed her tone.

"What have I done?" she cried, almost in a terrified voice; "I can't have been such an unlucky wretch as to have really deceived you by my unlucky pranks? Do tell me that I haven't been so cruel. Do tell me you are only joking. You never really thought Dr. Reddman was paying attentions to you. You must have had an inkling of the truth. I have seen it from the first; and he told me this morning that he liked me."

Upon this I did, I admit, that which I frankly own no lady of prudence and discretion ought under any provocation to be guilty of—fairly flew into a passion. I restrained myself so far that I did not, as I longed to do, strike the false handsome face looking down upon me with its insulting expression of compassion, but I restrained myself no farther. I told her I hated her; that she was the bane of my life; that she had always made my existence a burden to me; and that now she had deceived me, mocked me, and robbed me of all hope and happiness. I was beside myself for the moment, and I believe I added much more in the strain, to all of which she listened in silence, the false beautiful face growing whiter and whiter as I proceeded. When at last I became calmer, she hid her face in her hands.

"Dear Man," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "I am so sorry, so grieved. I see I am partly to blame for this, for I did help him to keep up the pretence of your being an invalid, but I never dreamt of really giving you a moment's pain. I thought that you were—that he was—that your ages were so unsuitable. Oh, dear," she broke off, with a half-laugh, "I'm afraid I'm getting into another scrape! I know," she went on, "you don't mean all you've been saying. I won't think of it again—never."

By this time I was collected enough to reflect that, after all, before the advent of Dr. Reddman, I had other views, to which I will not at present further allude, but to the accomplishment of which Jessica's good-will might be essential. I therefore did what Mrs. Dombey would not do—"made an effort," and succeeded in repressing my feelings.

"My love," I said, "I fear I have been hasty. You must forgive me, for I am suffering. But after all, Jessica, I am indignant for your sake, as well as my own. I believe we have both been duped. Dr. Reddman's manner was to me, I confess, unmistakable; but doubtless he is poor, and when he learnt that I was poor also, while you, dear, are almost as heiress—*that* would not do. Jessica drew herself up, and flashed out upon me in an instant.

"How dare you accuse him of such wickedness? If I were as rich as Miss Burdett Coutts, I would be only too proud to pour all my sovereigns out at his feet, and let him do as he liked about me afterwards. There now!"

Well, it was clear the girl was infatuated, and there was no more to be said: Yes; one thing. I detained her as she prepared to leave me, and said:

"I suppose you would wish me to tell your guardian of this?"

"Oh! if you would mind."

"I will do so, Jessica; but you must pledge yourself never, under any circumstances, to mention this painful scene to him."

"Of course. Oh, I would never name it," she answered.

I was safe, then, so far; and at last she left me, and I was free to give myself up to my own solitary regrets. But, strange to say, my thoughts wandered. What would Mr. Fairbrother do when his ward should leave him? It was evident that I could not, as an unmarried woman, stay to keep his house. Yet the old gentleman would want a companion. Of course he would. And who would that companion be?

## CHAPTER II.

### NO SURRENDER.

If I disliked Jessica before, it cannot be supposed that I became much fonder of her after the conversation I have recorded. Her guardian having given his consent to her engagement, it fell to my lot, of course, to chaperone the lovers, and mortifying as was that duty, there were moments when it afforded me a dismal satisfaction. I did chaperone them with a vengeance. I never had my eye off Jessica; I never let her think that I was blind to her weak pretences of going to fetch her work just when Dr. Reddman's step was heard in the hall. I was not on my sofa now at any rate; it was my turn to prevent *icte-tetes*, and I really don't think they had many.

But those two young idiots were so happy in their fool's paradise, and I really think they sometimes hardly knew whether I was in the room or not. The amount of philandering to which I was a witness, and the obtrusive spooniness of that deceitful serpent, Dr. Reddman, would have astonished a weak mind. My mind being strong, it merely enraged me. Now and then, too, when they did seem to observe my presence, I could see a look of pity in their eyes, for which, naturally, I hated them all the more.

Dr. Reddman found it out, and from that time there was no love lost between him and me. Mr. Fairbrother, meanwhile, was pleased highly to approve of my constant solicitude for his ward, whom he was good enough to say he saw I treated like a younger sister. He and I used to play a quiet game of "ecarte," of an evening while those two were billing and cooing in the corner, or behind the curtains, or wherever they could best stow themselves away out of sight. Once Dr. Reddman came behind me and looked over my hand.

"Do you propose?" said Mr. Fairbrother.

"Propose?" said the doctor with a sneer. "Oh, dear no. Miss Manners plays her cards too well for that. She would probably not have the same objection to accepting."

"But I dealt," said Mr. Fairbrother, innocently.

"Oh! I beg pardon. I have no doubt you are both perfectly well up in the game."

Very well tried, Dr. Francis Reddman, but it did not succeed. I owed you one for it, and that was the only result.

That year had been one of unusual stir in the moneyed world. Early in the spring prices had begun to rise; month after month new companies, with imposing lists of directors who bartered their names for paid-up shares, were set afoot by enterprising promoters, and as fast as they started into existence, capital was supplied by a too sanguine public. At last the crash came. Hundreds of respectable merchants became insolvent, and in their downfall they overwhelmed houses whose stability had been a proverb

almost for generations. Among these had been the house of Fairbrother, Fairbrother & Co., bankers. The two senior partners were first cousins of Jessica's, her fortune was in their hands, and one morning a clerk, rushing down by express train to Fotherham, came to convey Jessica and her guardian the unlooked-for intelligence that the bank had stopped payment.

It became necessary that I should take some step, since Mr. Fairbrother, good, unselfish man, showed a perfect readiness to part with Jessica whenever she should be disposed to leave him for her husband's home, and had even begun to talk of fixing the week for the wedding. Things were all going wrong, as far as I was concerned, when the opportune news arrived that Jessica's fortune was gone—"I fear, irretrievably lost," her cousin wrote. Then it was that I found myself in a position to pay Dr. Reddman that little debt of which I have spoken. I pointed out to Jessica the bitter disappointment he would feel on discovering that the heiress he believed himself to have won, was penniless. Rather to my surprise, Jessica controlled herself sufficiently to listen in silence. It was a provoking kind of silence, too; she heard all I had to say with a sort of languid, listless indifference, and I should have thought, hardly attended, but for one little word I heard her whisper to her guardian as she wished him good-night.

"I've written to tell Francis how things are changed," she said. "He had better not come here any more, I think. Oh! Guardy, it's very, very hard."

The next morning I was sitting in the garden under a weeping ash. It was a lovely summer day, and the air was full of the humming of bees and the glinting of sunbeams. Just outside the arbor, lying on the grass, with a book which she was pretending to read, was Jessica. Presently I saw Dr. Reddman walking rapidly over the grass towards us. His foot-falls made no sound on the soft turf, and Jessica did not hear his approach. He stood by her for a moment, looking down on the top of her broad hat, then he flung himself on the grass by her side. He did not see me through the screen of leaves.

"Jessica," he said, "I've come to answer your letter. My darling, how could you think me such a mercenary wretch?"

She sat up, and stared at him in a dazed sort of way. Then, as he tried to put his arm round her, she repelled him, and rose to her feet.

"No," she said, slowly, and looking at him with her great eyes full of tears, as if *that* was the way to get rid of him; "no—no—no, Doctor Reddman, I meant what I said in my letter. Now I'm a beggar I won't marry you."

"My dearest, what foolish fancy is this? It never would have come into that pretty head of yours of its own accord. I know that stupid old maid has been talking to you."

So that was the way I was spoken of between them. She never checked him. She had quite forgotten that I was within hearing.

"Francis," she said, "listen to me. Of course I can't help knowing how men think about money. It sometimes sickens me to see how their happiness depends upon it; but so it is. If I came to you without a penny, you would be kind to me, I am sure; but I should always feel that I was a burden to you, and it would kill me, and I won't do it. Let me alone, Doctor Reddman, don't you see how it hurts me to speak so?"

He drew back offended.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if I can bear the loss of your fortune, you surely may. Of course it is a disappointment, and it may possibly delay our marriage, but it is unbecoming in a woman—"

"Ah, yes, a woman!" she interrupted him. "A woman is to have no will, and no pride, and no feelings like a man? Before this happened, it was all fair. You would have made money, and I had it. But now I mean to go out into the world, and earn my own living like an honest woman. After all," and she gave a sob, "I shall be no worse off than others. There are 365,000 unmarried women in England—"

"Three hundred and sixty-five thousand and fifty," exclaimed the doctor, evidently losing his temper, "how can you be so childish? I took you for a sensible girl, and you behave like a miss of fifteen. I suppose you don't wish me to be glad that your cousin's bank has smashed? I tell you I love you for yourself, and what would you have more?"

"This," said that goose, on whom certainly my lessons had not been thrown away, "can you say, on your honor, that if you had known from the very first that I had nothing you would have—would have—cared for me?"

The doctor flushed angrily.

"Jessica, you are unreasonable," he said. "You have no right to ask such questions. Before a man allows himself to become attached to a woman, he is bound to consider her position and his own. That does not make his love the less disinterested."

"Ah," she said, with a long sigh. "Yes, that is just as I thought."

All of a sudden, she seized his hand and kissed it.

"Good-bye, Dr. Reddman," she said, "I'm sorry to grieve you, but I must work for my bread, and perhaps some day we may meet upon equal terms. Think of me as kindly as you can. I shan't easily forget you. Good-bye;" and she turned from him and walked quickly towards the house. The doctor stood looking after her with a black frown upon his brow, but he did not attempt to follow her. And so they parted in anger.

All the rest of that day Jessica's face was fixed and resolute, and she spoke to no one. In the evening a note came from Dr. Reddman, and, happening to pass behind Jessica shortly afterwards, my eyes fell upon it and her answer. His note ran thus:

"MY OWN DEAREST JESSICA—I fear I seemed harsh to you to-day. Forgive me, my darling, and think no more of it. It was the notion of your struggling all alone with the world that drove me wild? Did you think I would allow my wife to degrade herself in that way? It is a man's duty to make his own way through life, and a woman's to be soft and dependent, as I mean you, my sweetest, to be."

Your devoted lover,

FRANCIS REDDMAN.

How astoundingly little men know about women! All their lives they are close to us, as sons, brothers, husbands, till we can play blindfold upon their heart-strings; but as for them, *ou bouz du compte*, they might as well be monks for all the wisdom they show

in their dealings with us. Of course such a note as Dr. Reddman's was quite certain to make Jessica take the bit between her teeth. It did so effectually.

"DEAR DR. REDDMAN," she wrote, "I fear our ideas of propriety differ widely. That being the case, it is much better that we should part. What would you think of me if I pretended to think it a degradation to you to earn your own livelihood? Forgive me if I pain you."

Yours, JESSICA FLAKE.

After that an atmosphere of mystery seemed to pervade the house. New trunks came home for Jessica; she cut her hair short and a forest of soft, silky, black curls blossomed out all over her head; she began to dress with a severe simplicity, to sit upright in her chair, and to abstain from five o'clock tea. It was manifest that some change was impending; but what it was did not transpire until one day Mr. Fairbrother sent for me into his study.

Now, on other occasions when my employer had wished to speak to me, he had either looked into the drawing-room, or postponed the conversation until the evening. Into his own private sanctum I had never before been admitted, and I don't mind owning in this venereal record, that the summons was agitating. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. An old man's darling! There was something particularly gratifying in the sound of those words. Decidedly, as the French say, *c'est une flatterie fortelle*.

When I presented myself, Mr. Fairbrother was walking up and down his study. He was round and rosy, and not very old; but his partiality for his own "thirty" port had imparted a specially rubicund tinge to his Roman nose, which, and to relate, terminated in a pimple. He was very trim and particular in dress, and all the hair he had, which was not much, he wore brushed up in a full round his hair.

"Miss Manners, ma'am," he began, as soon as I appeared, "are you aware of what has occurred? Jessica has left my house, and declines to return until she has made a fortune for herself. In the name of all that is idiotic, may I ask if you encouraged her in this mad prank?"

"My dear sir, I encourage her in anything contrary to your wishes!"

"You wouldn't, eh?" he said, stopping in his walk, and eying me with a queer expression. "Well, I thought not. But upon my word I don't know what the world's coming to. I do assure you the preposterous stuff that girl has talked to me during the last week would be enough to make your hair stand on end." And then he rubbed his nose violently, carefully avoiding the pimple.

"Consider, sir," I said, "that Jessica is young."

"Old enough to know better," he replied promptly. "She actually declared to me in this room that women had been oppressed and crushed ever since the creation, and she, for one, wouldn't stand it any longer. And, by Jove, when I asked her why she should set up for being wiser than her mother and her grandmother before her, she said she thought it very probable that her grandmother had been an old maid, and as for her poor dear mother, she had no doubt she hadn't dared to say her soul was her own. The upshot of it all was that Miss Jessica meant to be independent, and, accordingly, she's gone to—, I beg pardon, did you speak?"

"I asked if Jessica had broken off her engagement with Dr. Reddman?"

"Oh dear, yes. She has thrown him over for some inexplicable reason—probably because he wished her to wear petticoats. If I understood her, she said wives were no better than slaves. Dear me! how warm I've made myself! It's no wonder, ma'am, is it?" and throwing himself into an arm-chair, Mr. Fairbrother began to wipe his shining head.

This was by no means the mood in which I wished to see him; but though irascible, he was really good-natured itself, and I knew that if he was let alone, he would speedily cool. Accordingly, I looked down at the carpet, and said nothing. In a minute or two he stood up, shook himself, blew his nose, looked at me, took a turn in the room, and finally began to speak in quite a different tone.

"Miss Manners, ma'am, I'm afraid I've shocked you. I'm an old fellow, you see, and I don't take kindly to these new-fangled notions. Perhaps you think me an old fool too; but that girl's obstinacy is enough to distract one. However, she is gone, and I sent for you, Miss Manners, to entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do me—"

At last! He stood by my chair; he lowered his voice; he almost took my hand. A favor—What favor could he ask but one?

"—to follow her. Confound her! so young, and pretty, and taking as she is, there is no end to the scrapes she will get into, and she has just enough money to pay for bread and butter; so I can't starve her into submission at present. She absolutely refuses to let me provide her with a companion. She wants to be independent, she says; but she can't hinder your living close by her, at my expense, and following her about, and keeping an eye upon her, and that sort of thing. Would you do it, ma'am, and let me know how she gets on?"

To keep an eye on Jessica! that was all. Ah, me! how women's hearts are made to flutter in vain.

I longed to refuse; yes if I did so, where would be my salary? Where also would be my cherished hopes—I will not blush to confess them—of yet becoming the mistress of Mr. Fairbrother's house? I swallowed my disappointment, and took my resolution.

"Sir," I said, "there is nothing which I would not undertake for Jessica's sake—and for yours. Ease, comfort, health itself shall be sacrificed at your request."

"Well, I hope it won't be quite so bad as that," said he, with rather a comical smile; "but at any rate I am much obliged to you for consenting. When can you be ready?"

"You have not yet told me, sir, where Jessica has gone."

"Bless my soul, haven't I? Why that's the maddest part of the whole ridiculous business. She's gone to London; and if you'll believe me, ma'am, she swears she'll be an apothecary."

CHAPTER III.

### THE STRUGGLE.

Jessica made, in my opinion, a most miserable fiasco of her first few days in London. Though living so near town, she had only

been there on rare occasions, and she was totally unused to London life. Also, she had always worn a hat, and a bonnet, when set upon her short curls, looked like an ear of corn in one's sleeve, working itself gradually backwards till it was quite off her head. Then, too, she could not look as if she was accustomed to independence. Not that she had a grain of proper pride. She would have nodded to a duchess, if she had known one to nod to, with precisely the same familiarity out of the window of a two-penny "bus" as from the grandest barouche in the park, and she would have talked to the Prince of Wales, had he come in her way, with quite as little embarrassment as to a solitary chimney-sweep, or street-sweeper. But when it came to walking by herself, there was a consciousness about her, a sort of unaccountable dash, and a manifest nervousness, by which a baby might have told how new to it she was. This was perhaps increased by her knowledge that a lady followed her at a distance, say of twenty yards, whose sole business was to watch her movements. But she did not go out much. She had taken a lodging in a mournful street of small, dull houses, and there she spent the greater part of every day—I suppose in study. She wrote to her guardian to tell him that she was working hard, and intended in a few months to present herself for examination, with the view of becoming a regular student of the Society of Apothecaries. Once lady had already obtained this diploma, and Jessica believed she had every prospect of success.

"There never has been any insanity in the family, but the girl must have a screw loose somewhere, you know."

Thus spoke Mr. Fairbrother, sitting in the small, but I trust elegant apartment, which I had engaged near Jessica's. He was often in town, and after calling upon her, would come to parties of tea and crumpets in my humble abode. Thus was I cheered upon the path of self-sacrificing duty. Day by day it became clearer to me that my destiny was fulfilling itself at last. In Mr. Fairbrother, though the age for romance was perhaps over, I discovered exactly those solid qualities most essential to my happiness. As for him, I seemed to see the expression of his feelings tremble upon his lip. Hitherto, however, he had ventured upon nothing warmer than gratitude. It should be my pleasant duty gently to encourage him. With some natures timidity remains, even when the meridian of life is passed.

"You take the matter too seriously, dear sir," I said, answering his last words. "You are allowing your anxiety for this wilful girl to tell upon your health."

"Why, there's not much amiss with that," said he, glancing complacently down at his portly person. "But I am annoyed about Jessica, I admit. If she would ever allow you to live with her it would be a different matter; but she is just as headstrong and pig-headed as she can possibly be. She says—"

At this moment a ring at the bell was heard; there was a rustle on the stairs, the door opened, and a prim elderly woman entered the room rather rapidly, as if urged on and almost propelled by some one behind. In a second she was followed by Jessica herself, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her bonnet, as usual, hanging on her neck.

"I've been insulted, Mr. Fairbrother," she cried out as soon as she saw him; "this woman has dared to give me notice to leave her lodgings, because she says I am a discredit to her. Notice! as if I would ever put my foot in them again! But I was determined she should come and hear something about me from some one who has known me for years. Miss Manners, will you please speak to her?"

"I am sure, ma'am," said the woman, folding her hands awkwardly in the ends of her shawl, "I don't want to give no offense, but I've always kept my lodgings quiet and respectable, and my first floor front, as has lived years in my house, she says to me—"

Jessica was about to break in, but Mr. Fairbrother interposed.

"Come, Jess, don't be a tergiversant. Let's hear what she has to say."

"She says to me—she says—'I can't stay no longer with you, Mrs. Jones, which you've made me that comfortable as I'd gladly do, acin' there's a young person living alone downstairs, with a forrin gentleman a-comin' to see her every day regular, and settin' for hours in her room, which is a kind of thing I cannot abide, neither won't.'"

"He is my teacher of physiology; he is Swiss," said Jessica more quietly.

"So, whatever could I do?" appealing to Mr. Fairbrother and me. "I'm sorry to hurt any one, which I well know we all do our feelings; but though a teacher, still a man is a man, and I'm bound to consider the wishes of my lodgers as is my daily bread. And I'm free to say for my own self," she continued with increasing energy, "that I do not like skulls and limbs, and such like brought into my house, which always give me the creeps, and ain't right besides in a parlor."

Jessica could not keep her countenance at that, so she laughed, and then tried to look as if she hadn't.

"There—there—my good woman, I understand—I quite understand, and I don't blame you," said Mr. Fairbrother, pushing her out before him on to the landing; and after a short interview with her there he returned alone. As soon as he came in, Jessica went up and kissed him.

"Oh, Guardy," said she, "what a set of helpless fools women must be, that when one of them tries quietly to do some work in the world she should risk her good name, and be pointed at as a kind of curious animal in the bargain."

"Come home with me, Jessica," he said.

"No," she said, "I won't be such a coward as that. I think I'll have my teeth pulled out and wear a sandy wig;" and then she laughed rather sadly. "Look here, Guardy, if you wish it, and Miss Manners will have me, I'll live here with her for the present. Only till I've got my diploma, though. For, oh dear! only think of an apothecary with a chaperon!"

So it was settled, and there were no more quiet chats with Mr. Fairbrother for me. Yet he came frequently; not, surely, only to see Jessica. Why! oh, why did he not speak?

Throughout the autumn and winter Jessica worked like a slave. Every day came the teacher of physiology, a tall, gaunt, German Swiss, with shining spectacles, an immense yellow beard, and a ridiculously small voice for his size. Her various studies occupied Jessica nearly all the day, and with her usual want of consideration, she would keep me awake half the night by tramping over my head, reading aloud. At length, in February, 1887, she declared



himself prepared for the first examination, and wrote to Apothecaries' Hall to inquire when she should present herself. When the answer came she was sitting at a table with Herr Professor Gudwig, intent upon a disgusting looking object, which I understood to be part of the spine of a kangaroo.

She seized the letter, knowing by the seal whence it came, and tore it open. As she read she changed color.

"Look, look at that!" she cried, throwing it to me. "All my work wasted—all! And I have tried my very best. What shall I do?"

The letter was as follows:

"APOTHECARIES' HALL,  
"LONDON, E. C."

"MADAM—I am directed by the Chairman of the Court of Examiners to call your attention to the following resolution just passed by the Court:—Resolved, That the Court of Examiners refuse to receive any certificates of lectures, or of anatomical instructions, delivered in private to students, apart from the ordinary classes of recognized public medical schools."

"I am, Madam,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"B—P—W—, Sec."

After I had finished the letter, Herr Gudwig took it up and read it also.

"Die English are a strange people," he said, peering through his spectacles at Jessica as she sat with her hands clasped on the lap of her black dress. "Die men dey choose to be free, but dey always want die women for dere slaves. I dare to say dey have made dis rule on purpose to keep die doctoring work to demselves. Dey are jealous, dat is what it is. But what signifies it? In my country, in Zurich, many ladies take diplomas, and dey willingly lecture wid die students attend. Why should not die Fraulein do de same in England?"

Jessica turned her head eagerly towards him, and then, shading her eyes with her hand, she thought for a minute.

"I will!" she cried, suddenly flushing and starting up. "Herr Gudwig, you are quite right. I will not give way. I am trying to live like a brave, honest woman. Why should I be ashamed of studying before all the world?"

That very afternoon I was obliged, sorely against my will, to accompany Jessica to a certain school of medicine, whose lectures she proposed to honor with her attendance. It was a biting day, with a steel gray sky, a cutting east wind, and short gusts of sleet at intervals; a nice day, indeed, for a lady to be dragged, at a dashing pace, across the park, by the most unreasonable and unbecoming companions. Oh! Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Fairbrother, what I am not enduring for your sake?

I don't know how Jessica may have felt, but I was cold, and draggled, and miserable by the time we reached the hospital. We were shown into a small room, where sat a grave, elderly physician, and in which we found also a much younger man, who, after the first few words, disappeared.

"My dear young lady," said Doctor A——, looking at Jessica, apparently with approbation, when she had poured out, in her vehement way, the reason that induced her to come to him, "I am sincerely sorry to disappoint you, but it is impossible for you to attend the lectures of this school. I myself am one of those who think that the struggle which women are making to compete on equal terms with men is worthy of all praise, but others think differently. The students would not admit you to their lecture-room, nor could I protect you from positive insult if you were there."

"Do you mean that it is hopeless—that I must give up, after all?" asked Jessica, in a high pitched voice full of pain.

"I fear so. I would not discourage you if I were not certain that your wishes cannot be accomplished. Opinion has, for the present, put its veto upon the efforts of your sex in this direction."

Jessica made no reply. She bit her lip till all the color went out of it, and drawing down her veil, she turned away without a word. As I followed her out of the house, I was weak enough almost to pity her. Deeply as she had injured me, I could have found it in my heart to help her at that moment.

She held her head down, and shivered as she felt the cold air. On the steps a few students were loitering, mostly young men of about twenty. There were glances and mutterings among them as Jessica came out. One of them laughed insolently; another stood in her path, and stooped as if to look through her veil; immediately she threw it back, and raising her head, she stood perfectly still, facing them. Her cheeks were tear-stained, but there was such a light in her eyes as I had never seen there before. With her heightened color, and proud, quivering mouth, she certainly did look very beautiful. There was a dead silence; she stood so for a moment, and then, bowing her head, she went down the steps, the young men making way for her respectfully. We walked on without speaking for some time, when suddenly a thin voice whispered in Jessica's ear:

"Has die Fraulein made her arrangements? Will she want me now or more?"

There was no reply, and Herr Gudwig repeated his question.

"They won't let me come," Jessica burst out at last. "My work is all thrown away; all my schemes have come to an end; but I will make new ones; they shall not baffle me. I will never go back to be the miserable, idle, futile creature that most women are to the end of the chapter!"

"So!" said the Swiss, stalking slowly by her side, "so! die Fraulein has been disappointed? nevere mind, we can put that to right. All things will be right if die Fraulein will only come to Zurich—wid me—als meine Braut—Oh! wiltst Du?" And the yellow beard approached so closely to her face, that a whiff of stale tobacco-smoke came across to me on the other side. Jessica shrank from him with a look of dismay.

"Et tu, Brute," she muttered to herself. The teacher of physiology caught the words; the yellow beard became suddenly elongated, and a ludicrous expression of grief came into the watery blue eyes.

The Fraulein might still be eine Frau Doctorin if she would consent," he pleaded. "Is it not of her I have been thinking all through the long lessons, more than of die bones? Physiologie is good, but sh! love!" (he pronounced it leave) "love is better."

Jessica at last found voice to answer; but when she spoke, it was very slowly.

"I thought you, at any rate, understood me," she said, imploringly. "If I have ruined any false hopes, God knows it has been unintentional. I hope you may be able to forgive me. At least, spare me just

now. Life seems so difficult and it is very terrible to me to think I may have wronged you. But as you are a gentleman, Herr Gudwig, and I am sure you are, I entreat you not to speak to me again this way."

The poor fellow gnawed his beard, and made some guttural sound, as though he were about to speak again; but if so, he changed his mind. With one more appealing look, he fell back, and allowed us to proceed alone.

As he left us, the snow began again to fall fast, and the gusts of wind fired it in volleys in our faces, so that speech, and even sight, became difficult. We had taken our homeward way through certain quiet streets more sheltered than the Park, and fighting against the weather, with our veils drawn close, we found ourselves, before we were aware of it, on the verge of a group that was almost a crowd, chiefly composed of women and ladies, who were watching two men fighting—fighting, that is, so far as that one of them, apparently the more powerful of the two, was struggling violently to escape, while the other, who wore the dress of a gentleman, with his hand twisted in his opponent's coat-collar, was energetically endeavoring to detain him.

The prisoner used his fists manfully and effectively, and his captor, still holding on, gave now and then a rapid glance round, as if in search of a policeman. But no such assistance was at hand. The women huddled together, half attracted and half terrified by the sight; the lady danced round the combatants with unmixt delight, encouraging both sides impartially.

"Hold tight, sir. I see him come behind yer and try to garrote yer. I'll be witness, sir."

"Pitch into him, old cock; you'll get away if you do."

"What are you a grinning at, Bob? Why don't yer fetch a policeman for the gentleman?"

The pair appeared to be about equally matched; but the gentleman would not return the blows of his prisoner, contenting himself with warding them off as well as he could. At last the ruffian threw himself backwards with a jerk, and getting his leg round the leg of his captor, gave a sudden wrench, and the coat-collar acting as a lever, the gentleman fell heavily to the ground.

The other recovered himself, and darted away, the falling snow speedily hiding him from sight.

Up to this moment Jessica had been simply waiting to pass, thinking the fight was a mere good-humored brawl. So at last she said afterwards, in excuse for not having turned back at once, as I begged her to do; but as she was never in the habit of following my advice, that circumstance hardly required explanation. However, we both heard the thud of the fall upon the pavement, and in the second before the crowd closed in Jessica had seen that the prostrate figure was as still and motionless as death. Instantly she pressed forward.

"Let me pass, good people," she urged; "I may be of use. I understand something of doctoring. Pray let me pass."

The people stared at her with surprise, but made room for her. The wild young spirits had been completely subdued by the unexpected seriousness of the catastrophe, and some of them were gently raising the arm of the unconscious man, and pressing his shoulder in hopes of rousing him. Any help was welcome, and with something of the instinctive respect with which a doctor is received on such an occasion, Jessica was allowed to make her way through the gathering throng. All at once she rushed forward with a half stifled cry; the swaying crowd gave way a little, and I, from a doorstep on which I had taken refuge, beheld my pupil, Jessica Fluke, seated on the pavement in the midst of the snow, while supported on her knee, with closed eyes and bleeding lips, lay Dr. Reddiman's insensible head.

#### CHAPTER IV. DEFEAT OR VICTORY?

However delightful Mr. Tennyson may find it to "stand on a tower in the wet," a sloppy door-step is by no means an agreeable post of observation. It is astonishing to me that my constitution endured all I went through that day. Nobody paid any attention to me; a dozen men were ready to help Jessica, and eager to obey her orders. They lifted Dr. Reddiman, still unconscious, into a cab, she getting in with him and supporting his head. Positively the cabman was on the point of driving off before she recollected my existence. Then she beckoned, and in a second the crowd pushed me roughly forward to the cab-door.

"I am going to take him home, Man," she said, "to our lodging. No one knows where he lives, and there must be no delay. Follow as soon as you can; there is no room for you to get in."

Having given her orders in this way, the cab drove off, and I, turning sadly homeward, numbed, chilled, and wet to the skin, almost ran against Mr. Fairbrother.

"Is this your car of Jessica, ma'am?" he cried out. "As sure as you're a living woman, I saw her go by in a cab this moment, with a man's head upon her shoulder."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I know it. It was Dr. Reddiman."

"The deuce it was. When we all begged and implored her to marry him respectfully, why couldn't she do it? And you mean to say she has gone off with him after all?"

"Not exactly that, sir, because he is insensible."

Mr. Fairbrother looked as if he must immediately be driven out of his mind by this reply. As soon as he would listen with anything like calmness, I explained the matter.

"Where—w!" he said, when he had heard it. "Nothing could be more unfortunate. Well, ma'am, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go and look after her, instead of standing here to be frozen. If she won't hear reason now, I declare I will wash my hands of her for the future."

I need hardly describe my feelings on finding, when we reached the lodging, that Jessica had had Dr. Reddiman taken into my own bed-room, as the largest room, and there she was herself employed in binding up his head, without waiting for the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for.

When he came he looked at her with extreme surprise.

"Could not have done it better myself," he pronounced, after examining the bandages; "and delay might have been fatal. If he lives, it will be as much owing to your skill as mine. But he is in a most critical state."

After that it was quite hopeless to induce Jessica to leave him.

"You may say what you please, but I shall stay with him; of course I shall," she

said, in answer to Mr. Fairbrother's remonstrances. "Do you suppose I would leave him to be taken care of by a hospital nurse?"

"Jessica, have you to sense of propriety?"

"No!" she said, and as she spoke her eyes seemed to dilate—"none that would send me from his bedside at such a time as this. What place on earth could be so fitting for me now?"

When she was gone, I hinted that, under the circumstances, I could hardly be expected to remain, but I was overruled in an instant.

"My dear good lady, don't talk of leaving her. I beg—I entreat—in fact, I insist upon your staying. Only for a short time, I trust. If he recovers, I declare I'll make her over to him, if I have to take her to church by force, and then—then I shall endeavor to show my gratitude to you."

What answer could I make to such a speech? I promised to have patience.

For many days Dr. Reddiman hovered between life and death. Delirium and unconsciousness alternated. The most extreme quiet was necessary, and Jessica went in and out as quietly as a ghost, and looking almost as white. Herr Professor Gudwig called, and, hearing what had happened, came every day to see if he could be of use.

Sometimes Jessica would sit with him for a few minutes; oftener he went away without seeing her. He was contented to be within the sound of her footsteps, and to be allowed to fetch and carry for her like a slave. His face seemed daily to grow longer, and his blue eyes more watery.

At length consciousness began to return to Dr. Reddiman—slowly, and with frequent intervals of wandering. Sometimes he knew Jessica, and called her by her name, but he never showed any surprise at her presence.

The address of a married sister, his only relative living near London, was, after a time, ascertained.

"She had better be sent for," said the surgeon; "we are not out of the wood yet."

Accordingly a letter was written, and on the next day came a thin, fair, soft-voiced woman of about forty, exquisitely dressed, and so tall that she towered even over Jessica.

"Mrs. Murray, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lady, rather grimly, looking Jessica over from head to foot, and gazing especially at her left hand.

"I must ask you to wait a little. Thank God, your brother is asleep—the first real sleep he has had. It is only just in time, he will be saved now," and her lip quivered.

"When did the accident occur?" inquired Mrs. Murray, in the same tone.

"A week ago. He has been very, very ill ever since. Till yesterday we did not know your address, and he was in no state to be asked."

"It seems strange, but I suppose he was too well cared for to wish to see his sister," said Mrs. Murray, with a touch of satire in her voice. "Have I the pleasure of speaking to his wife?"

"No," said Jessica, blushing deeply.

"No doubt you are at least engaged to him?"

"I am not."

"Then may I ask what has procured him the honor of the attendance of a young lady?" asked Mrs. Murray, laying great stress upon the word.

If Jessica had not perversely persisted in sitting up every night, even when she could be of no use, she would have been better able to bear the question, and the tone in which it was put. As it was, she said not a word, but, sitting down in a chair, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"You are one bad, base, superstitious woman!" said a thin voice at Mrs. Murray's ear, in a loud whisper.

She started.

"You insult dat angel! You make to cry dat pure, innocent God's creature! You are nozing but a superstitious poltroon!"

He brought the last words out with a flourish, as if he considered them a triumph of idiomatic English, as no doubt he did.

Mrs. Murray was so taken aback by this unexpected attack, that it seemed to take away her breath.

"Pray may I be permitted to inquire who you are, sir," she said at length, "and why you should interfere in this matter?"

"It signifies nothing who I am," said Herr Gudwig, his face crimsoning with indignation as he glanced at Jessica. "I am die friend of die Fraulein. I will not have her affronted. Dis is her house. You go dis moment out of it," and he opened the door and pointed to it.

"I shall see my brother before I stir," said Mrs. Murray, endeavoring to stand her ground. "Heaven only knows how he got among such a set of people. He must have been entrapped in some way. How can I tell whether it is true that he is asleep?"

"You will not see your brother—not dis time," retorted Herr Gudwig, now fairly in a passion. "When he is awake he can send for you again, if he wish. If you go not out of die house I will tell you some more truths. You are a—"

His energy conquered her. Before he had finished his sentence she retreated to the passage.

He followed, talking and gesticulating with his long arms, till she fairly fled, and he actually put her into her cab and saw it drive off before he returned.

A few hours later Dr. Reddiman awoke, and for the first time his mind was entirely clear. When his sister was mentioned, it appeared that they had not met for years, and he showed such a decided dislike to seeing her that the subject was dropped. As for Jessica, it seemed as if he could hardly bear her out of his sight. Indeed, from that time I never believed him to be quite as ill as they made out. I can only say that up to the time when he could listen to her reading, and lie holding her hand and looking into her eyes for hours, his recovery was very rapid, and beyond that point it was very slow indeed. One evening she was sitting by him in the firelight.

"Jessica!"

"I am here," she said, putting back the curtain.

"How many weeks have you been with me? Were you here before I came to myself?"

"Ever since the accident," she said.

"I knew it," he said, stretching out his thin fingers to take hers. "Sometimes I thought it was a dream, but I always knew you were there. And sometimes, oh! Jessica, my love, my dearest, I thought you were my wife."

And she bent over him, and whispered—I heard her—"Not your wife yet, Frank; but if you will have it so, I will be."

"Well, Jess, when shall you be President of the Council of Physicians?" asked Mr. Fairbrother. He had just had a long talk

with Dr. Reddiman, and had come out of his room in high good humor. Or is it to be Apothecary to the Queen and Royal Family?"

"Trust a man for hitting one when one is down. They will all do it—even the best of them."

"Don't chaff me, Guardy," said Jessica. "He doesn't, and it isn't generous. You know all that's a sore subject."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mr. Fairbrother, not at all inclined to spare her. "I congratulate you on your return to common sense. It's hard if I mayn't poke a bit of fun at you after all the trouble you've given me. I hope I've heard the last of the 365,000 superfluous spinsters. Eh, Jess?"

"Guardy," said Jessica, and for once she spoke humbly, "I know I've been defeated. Women who want to do anything for themselves in the world have a hard battle to fight, and it's been too much for my strength. Things will be different years hence. Perhaps some great genius will arise, and lead the way for us. Meanwhile, God help women who are not married and cannot hope to be, for they have desolate lives to lead! Well, I don't think I shall be a worse wife for having tried what it feels like."

"They were to be married at Feltham on the first of May. The preparations for the wedding devolved upon me, of course. It was in vain to expect any help from Jessica. I can't say I saw any improvement in her."

"The less fuss the better," was all she would say when she was consulted, and Dr. Reddiman seemed to be quite of her opinion. But Mr. Fairbrother was evidently gratified by my resuming the direction of his establishment; and the very servants began, I could see, to perceive the way in which things were tending.

At length the day arrived—Jessica's wedding-day, and that on which I felt that my own fate would be likewise sealed. It was a warm old-fashioned May day. With trembling hands I tied the strings of the pink bonnet—which was Mr. Fairbrother's favorite color—pink which I had purchased for the occasion, and we proceeded to church. There were no guests. Mr. Fairbrother gave away the bride with a radiant face, and the ceremony was soon over. As we were leaving the vestry, a well-known yellow beard showed itself in the doorway.

"I wish much joy," said its owner, making his way to Jessica; "now dat I have seen die happy spectacles I shall be better. I come to wish good-bye too. England suits me no more. I am going home—to Zurich."

Jessica held out her hand and tried to speak. Apparently she was unable to do so, for, after a little pause, she absolutely looked him full in the face, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him. I hope Dr. Reddiman liked it.

The time for the departure of the bride and bridegroom had nearly arrived, when, tired and impatient, though full of hope, I sat down for a moment's rest in the back drawing-room. My chair was partly hidden by the folding-door, half of which was closed, and before I was aware of it, Mr. Fairbrother, Dr. Reddiman, and Jessica entered the front room together. They stood for a moment by the window talking. My handshakes as I transcribe what I then heard. Dr. Reddiman was speaking, and the words which he said were these:—

"Well, then, I suppose you'll be glad to get rid of the Old Cat as soon as you can. It will be good riddance of bad goods in my opinion."

For a second indignation kept me silent; then I started up.

"I am here," I cried; "I have heard your unmanly words. I know to whom you allude. Mr. Fairbrother, will you allow me to be so spoken of in your hearing?"

A look of blank amazement overspread their faces.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Fairbrother, coming towards me; "Frank did not mean it. It was a slip of the tongue, and he will apologize. I am quite aware of the obligations I am under to you, my dear ma'am, and as to leaving this house, I wish you to take your time about it, and consult your own convenience entirely."

At these words I flung prudence to the winds. Now, or never, was the time to speak.

"Leave this house," I cried, "this house that I have been taught to consider as my home! Is it possible that you have basely deceived me? What was the meaning of all the hints by which you persuaded me to endure that dreadful life in London?"

"Hush, hush, my dear ma'am," said Mr. Fairbrother, "pray don't excite yourself. I told you I should prove my gratitude, and I intend to keep my word. Do me the favor to accept of this," and drawing a check from his pocket, he actually dared to offer it to me.

I spurned it from me—I threw it on the ground. The time for forbearance had gone by.

"Sir, do you think to pay for services like mine? Can gold heal an aching heart?" (I heard—I know I heard Dr. Reddiman mutter something about Miss Kilmansegg.)

"If you have trifled with my affections, do you suppose that I will accept your paltry hush money?"

"What on earth is the woman driving at?" asked Mr. Fairbrother, looking round with well-feigned astonishment. "Five hundred pounds is a pretty substantial form for gratitude to take, I should think."

Dr. Reddiman looked from one to the other with a cynical smile.

"Plain speaking is always best," he said. "Miss Manners considers, sir, that her services cannot be sufficiently recompensed except by the offer of your hand and—house. The question is whether you take the same view of the matter."

"She isn't such a fool," said Mr. Fairbrother.

"My injuries shall be made known," I cried. "You think you can injure an unprotected female with impunity, but if I can obtain no redress, at least you shall be exposed."

"Ha, ha!" he actually burst out with a laugh—"so that's been your little game, ma'am, has it? Frank, my boy, by coming to the rescue, you only make me announce a few minutes sooner what I fully intended to tell you to-day. Why, bless your soul and body, Miss Manners, I've been married these five years."

So he had, the old hypocrite, to his cook, and had concealed the fact, lest it should injure the prospects of his beloved ward. Oh! the deceitfulness of mankind!

I left Feltham that evening; I have never seen any of them since. Dr. Reddiman pointed the mind of Mr. Fairbrother to such an extent that he has declined to keep up my acquaintance. I picked up the check before leaving the house, and have bought an annuity; but what is fifty pounds a year to a lady of my refined tastes and habits? I

long to point the finger of public scorn towards those who have ruined my prospects and lacerated my heart, and I do not know where to turn for a guinea. And so it has come to pass that I have offered to sell the sad story of my blighted hopes to the editor.

**The Congressional Bath-Room.**  
In the Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader we find the following: "Some days ago I secured a ticket for the baths, and was shown down into the vaults of the Capitol. In a short space of time I looked like an antique marble, and got into my quarry at once. Lying there splashing and holding my nose, many Roman visions came back to me. To appreciate the real Roman civilization, you must get into a marble bath-tub and repeat a speech of Cicero. While musing of the bliss of serving one's country in summer, and debating as to how a Turkish pipe might soothe this too classical atmosphere, I was surprised to observe upon the ceiling a violent agitation of shadows. The effect was that of a regiment drift of mosquitoes; the shadows swept together, made fantastic images, leaped and shook in a manner that awakened my inquisitiveness. The booths inclosing the bath-rooms reach their partitions only half way to the ceiling, and it was patent to me that somebody on the other side was going through some very extraordinary motions. My belief was that my neighbor had a fit. Compassion, not to say curiosity—far be the latter from me!—induced me to make an observation. Therefore I caught the top of the partition with my hands and curiously peeped over. Conscript Fathers! There was a reverend Senator executing a jig upon the bath-room floor. Lankness and abundant stomach were equally prominent in him. He planted the flat of his foot upon the slabs to the perfect time of an inaudible tune, and looked as much like the dancing faun as the ewe looks like the lamb. The hands that I had seen raised to enunciate the truths of statesmanship were flung aloft to the negro melody of 'Ho diddle down, diddle rol de diddle!' I beheld one of the most eminent men of my acquaintance thus beguiling the leisure of the State. What a picture for a constituency? What a position for posterity! A resume of those shanks and that abdomen overthrew my reverence for classical customs."

**Bulwer.**  
Grace Greenwood tells, in the Advance, an anecdote of an English novelist whose life often contradicts the noble sentiments of his books:—

When the poet Longfellow was a score of years younger than he is now, and far less famous, he visited London for the first time. Among his letters of introduction to people of distinction was one from a member of the New York press to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who was then at the height of his popularity.

Our young countryman, glowing with all the fervor of true hero-worship, and blushing with all the modesty of true genius, went directly with his conventional "open-sesame" to the town house of the novelist, and chanced to meet that literary equinox on the steps, just going out for a drive. He then presented his letter, and stood in shy expectancy of a gracious reception. But Bulwer, with a mere glance at the signature, handed it back, saying, haughtily, "Mr. C—— has no such acquaintance with me as warrants his introducing any one to me."

Then without even a "good-morning," he walked past his visitor, entered his carriage and drove away. It is comforting to think how amply time has avenged that piece of Olympian snubbing. The author of "Evangeline" is far more popular in England at this day than the author of "Pelham."

**LORD BROUGHAM AND THE QUEEN.**—The biographers of Lord Brougham have done at least justice to his exertions for that respectable client, Queen Caroline. His devotion to her cause was perhaps a little in excess of his devotion to her person. He did not want her to come over, and he expressed that wish pretty plainly, adding in a letter, "to say nothing of the infernal personal annoyance of having such a devil to plague me for six months." This should be inserted as a foot-note at the end of the famous thirteen-times written peroration.

**AVOID GREEN PAPER.**—We learn by the Maine Farmer that Mr. Allen Lambard of Augusta, has lost two valuable calves, and has two others dangerously ill, from the effects of eating or licking some old house paper that was thrown in a corner of their pasture, containing a considerable portion of green color. A medical gentleman who examined the paper said that a square foot of its surface contained poison enough to kill four men.

**AN EXPENSIVE TABLE.**—The Sultan's silver table is to be one hundred and forty-eight feet long by sixteen feet broad. There is to be a fearfully elaborate centre-piece, two feet six inches high, beside end-pieces, triumphal arches, flower pieces, etc. It will cost about \$800,000, besides which \$400,000 will be expended for linen, glassware and accompanying furniture.

**At a party,** while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelorette exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers." "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant and maneuvering mamma. The bachelorette disappeared—through the door.

**After all, man, the lord of the earth, is but a spark of fire, a drop of water, and an atom of charcoal.**

**The height of impudence.**—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

**Nicknames of grand ladies** is the latest fashion in Paris. The titles range all the way from "the lily," and "yellow slip-pers," to "dirty face," and "piggy."

**A special correspondent** of a Dublin paper, writing of the Prince of Wales's visit to Ireland, says: "I have told you that the disappointment occasioned by the Prince and Princess's late arrival at Kingstown



# SHERMAN

ETHRAIM BROWN,  
Lowell, Mass.



## WIT AND HUMOR.

## See-where Ball-Room Alphabet.

A—was an Angel of sweet seventeen;  
B—was the Ball-room in which she was seen.  
C—was the Chaparrone devoted to cards,  
D—was the Deux Temps with Doyle of the Guards.  
E—was her Eye, of fine rolling black,  
F—was the Fan that Doyle would not give back.  
G—was her Glove, of exquisite kid,  
H—was the Hand it so spitefully hid.  
I—was the Ice the fair angel demanded,  
J—was the Juvenile rushing to hand it.  
K—was her Kerchief, of exquisite art,  
L—was the Lace that formed the chief part.  
M—was old Maid that sat through the dances,  
N—was the Nose she turned up at sly glances,  
O—was the Olga-waltz, then in its prime,  
P—was the Partner who could not keep time.  
Q—the Quadrilles that should have been Lancers,  
R—the Remarks that were made on the dances,  
S—was the Supper they went to in pairs,  
T—was the Twaddle they talked on the stairs.  
U—was the Uncle who said, "Let's be going,"  
V—was the Voice the fair angel said "No" in.  
W—was the Waiter who stayed very late,  
X—was his Exit which wasn't quite straight.  
Y—was the Yawn which comes after the ball,  
Z—stands for Zero—nothing at all.

## Forget his Name.

A conceited fellow by the name of Head, in making New Year's calls in a certain city, made the acquaintance of a young lady upon whom he flattered himself he had effected a very decided impression. He felt that he was irresistible to the sex, anyhow, but in this particular instance he was confident that he had accomplished a complete conquest. Not to be too cruel to the damsel whom he imagined to be languishing over his absence, he called upon her again after the new year was a week or so old. That he might feast upon the surprise and joy she would evince on discovering who her caller was, he refrained from giving his name to the servant who answered his ring, but instructed her to tell Miss — that a very particular friend desired an interview. He was ushered into the parlor, and after a brief delay the young lady whom he supposed to be rapidly approaching dissolution on his account, entered.

She paused on the threshold and looked embarrassed. He expected that, but contrary to his expectations, no blush of emotion or gleam of recognition, even, lighted her countenance.

"Don't you remember me?" said he, putting on the smile which he had imagined had melted her young and susceptible heart upon their first meeting. "You know I called here last New Year's with a party in a four-horse sleigh."

"Oh, yes," said the young lady, who didn't appear in the least crushed by the recollection. "I remember. Your face did look familiar, but your name—"

"Don't you remember my name?" inquired the heart-pulverizer, with an air of deep chagrin.

"I have almost got it," said the lady, with a puzzled smile. "It isn't Brown."

"No, indeed. No, really, madam, this is not very flattering to me, your forgetting my name. I imagined that I had made a decided impression."

"So you did, so you did," the lady hastened to say. "Strange that your name should have escaped me, though. I was thinking of it just before you rang. Don't tell me what it is. I shall think of it in a minute. Really, this is quite mortifying; what has become of my memory?" and she trotted her pretty little foot impatiently on the carpet.

"But let me give you a hint," said Mr. Head, whose mortification was rapidly increasing.

"Well, just a little hint. I should think of your name in a minute anyhow—just the least hint in the world will do."

"Now, then, what do I carry on my shoulders?" queried Head.

A moment's puzzled reflection, then her face brightening up, she advances toward him with outstretched hand, and cordially exclaims—

"Why, Mr. Squash, how do you do?"

## An Irish Verdict.

There was a man before an Irish jury on his trial for murder. It was a bull of a trial, for the defence produced in court, alive and well the man who was said to have been killed. But the trial went on, and the jury went out, and not to be daunted by any such little fact as the presence alive of the man who should have been dead, they brought the prisoner in guilty.

"How's this?" says the judge; "there has been no murder; the man is alive in court."

"Well, your honor," said the foreman, "the jury is convinced that the prisoner did not murder this man, but he is a dangerous person. I am sure he killed my gray mare—and we believe that hanging him is necessary for the peace of the country."

## The Hensons.

"Why is it, John," asked a lady teacher of one of her primary classes in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up?"

"I can't tell," was the decisive answer.

"Next," said the teacher.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.

"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"

"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk, looking up; 'cause it's the fashion!"

A SNAKE STORY.—Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attempt upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakyship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another until nothing was left of them.



## EVIDENT.

EMMA.—"Well, aunt, how do you think the seaside agrees with me?"  
AUNT.—"Lor', my love, it's made quite a man of you!"

## RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Dear little children, wandering down the paths,  
When all the meadow lands are bright with these,  
Fill both their hands with the red clover blossoms,  
Finding a deeper sweetness than do bees.

And I? I pass the fair June roses by  
Unwatched; let the tri-colored violets grow;  
But with fast-throbbing heart, I linger long  
Where, through the grass, the clover blossoms glow.

I used to pluck them, too, in other days;  
But, ah, not now—never on earth again!  
Grow, little globes of brightness, unafraid,  
Breathing your fragrant lives out in the glen.

I would not dare to touch you, lest my hands  
Should stain the whiteness of a thought that comes  
So near to me, so very near and dear,  
And smiles forever from your purple blossoms!

I know not if in wilfulness, or love  
Of something hid in you, she placed you there,  
I can remember only that she wore  
A fragrant clover blossom in her hair.

## Feminine Affection.

There is a certain kind of affection very common among pretty women; and this is the affection of not knowing that they are pretty, and not recognizing the effect of their beauty on men. Take a woman with bewildering eyes, say, of a maddening size and shape, and fringed with long lashes that distract you to look at the creature knows that her eyes are bewildering, as well as she knows that fire burns and that ice melts; she knows the effect of that trick she has with them,—the sudden uplifting of the heavy lid, and the swift, full gaze that she gives right into a man's eyes. She has practised it often in the glass, and knows to a mathematical nicety the exact height to which the lid must be raised, and the exact fixity of the gaze. She knows the whole meaning of the look, and the stirring of men's blood that it creates; but if you speak to her of the effect of her trick, she puts on an air of extreme innocence, and protests her entire ignorance as to anything her eyes may say or mean; and if you press her hard she will look at you in the same way for your own benefit, and deny at the very moment of offence. Various other tricks has she with those bewildering eyes of hers—each more perilous than the other to men's peace; and all unsparingly employed, no matter what the result. For this is the woman who flirts to the extreme limits, then suddenly draws up and says she meant nothing. Step by step she has led you on, with looks and smiles, and pretty doubtful phrases always susceptible of two meanings, the one for the ear by mere word, the other for the heart by the accompaniments of look and manner, which are intangible. Step by step she has drawn you deeper and deeper into the maze, where she has gone before as your decoy; then, when she has you safe, she raises her eyes for the last time, complains that you have mistaken her cruelly, and that she has meant nothing more than any one else might mean; and what can she do to repair her mistake? Love you? marry you? No; she is engaged to your rival, who counts his thousands to your hundreds; and what a pity that you had not seen this all along, and that you should have so misunderstood her! Besides, what is there about her that you or anybody should love?

Of all the many affections of women, this affection of their own harmlessness, when beautiful, and of their innocence of design when they practice their arts for the discomfiture of men, is the most dangerous and the most disastrous. But what can one say to them? The very fact that they are dangerous disarms a man's anger and blinds his perception until too late. That men love though they suffer, is the woman's triumph, guilt, and consolation; and so the trick succeeds it will be practised. Another affection of the same family is the extreme friendliness and familiarity which some women adopt in their manners towards men. Young girls affect an almost maternal tone to boys of their own age, or a year or so older; and they, too, when their wiser elders remonstrate, declare they mean nothing, and how hard it is that they may not be natural. This form of affection, once begun, continues through life, being too convenient to be lightly discarded; and youthful matrons not long out of their teens assume a tone and way that

would about befit middle age counselling giddy youth, and that might by chance be dangerous even then if the "Indian summer" was specially bright and warm.

## Strange Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. It is a most extravagant idea to compare the causes of thunder and the effects of lightning to the noise and effects of cannon and cannon-ball; we are face to face with an essentially superior force. It might be said that it constitutes a transition between this one and a better one; in fact, it is really subject to transcendental laws which our weak intelligence cannot grasp.

Bodies have been killed repeatedly by lightning, and they have not given the slightest trace of any wound or scar, no slight touch of a burn or a contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtle, we have said, has often been its work. Think of it melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of it melting instantly a pair of crystal goblets suddenly, without breaking them. Arago tells how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Saxonian cobbler, did not touch the artisan, but magnetized all his tools. One can well imagine the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pincers and awl attracted the needles, pins and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. The amazed shoemaker thought that everything in the shop was suddenly bedevilled, or else that he was dreaming.

And there are several well-authenticated cases like this, showing that iron can be rendered magnetic by the electric current. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in a corner of his room a box of knives and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtle touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted, but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the box but might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass.

## SOMETHING LEFT.

"Gone, gone, the freshness of my youthful prime;  
Gone my illusions, tender or sublime;  
Gone is the thought that wealth is worth its cost;  
Or ought I hold so good as what I've lost;  
Gone are the beauty and the nameless grace  
That once I worshipped in dear Nature's face;  
Gone is the mighty music that of yore  
Swept through the woods or rolled upon the shore;  
Gone the desire of glory in men's breath,  
To wait my name beyond the deeps of death;  
Gone is the hope that in the darkest day  
Saw bright to-morrow with empurpling ray;  
Gone, gone—all gone, on which my heart  
Was cast;  
Gone, gone for ever, to the awful Past;  
All gone—but Love!"

Oh, coward to repine!  
Then hast all else, if Love indeed be thine!

Simple Rule for Preserving Furs.

Ladies are often anxious about keeping furs free from moths, during the summer months. Some one advertises to send the requisite information for one dollar. Darkness is all that is necessary. The "miller," the eggs from which moths are hatched, only moves in light; the moths themselves work in darkness. Hang the furs in a very dark closet and keep the doors shut; keep it always dark, and you can have no trouble. But, as closet doors are sometimes left open, the better way is to enclose the articles loosely in a paper, put this in a pillow-case, or wrap around a cloth, and hang it up in a dark closet. Camphor, spices or perfumes are of no use. Continual darkness is sufficient. And do not take out the furs in June or July to give them an "airing," for even then cometh the enemy, and it may be that, in fifteen minutes after exposure, it has deposited a hundred eggs. If you consider an airing indispensable, give the furs a good switching, and put them quickly back.

A boy in England was blown by the wind across a railroad track just in time to be run over and killed.

Cast no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## A Word to the Boys.

It is now haying time, a season of the year when all hands must be lively. You will be called upon to drive the horses for the mowing machine and rake. Don't be too rash with them. Let everything move along steadily and smoothly. No machinery can go by jerks without being destroyed. Be up early in the morning so as to work as much as possible in the cool of the day, and go to bed as early as possible and secure all the sleep you can. If you are learning to use a hand scythe don't whet it over your shoulder but under it. A slip of the snath may spoil your shoulder. Take good care of the hand rakes and forks. Learn to stow a load of hay well, so it shall look in good shape and ride over rough ground without being thrown off with you beneath it. Learn to do your light work nimbly, your heavy work slowly. Whatever you have to do, try and do it as well as anybody else, if you cannot do as much. Rapidity of motion is secured by first carefully watching the motion of things. Keep an eye on the garden and pull up the weeds and give them to the pigs. It promotes their health and growth. Lastly, remember that you are now laying the foundations for a solid manhood. A boy that works well through haying will be likely to thrive anywhere.—Maise Farmer.

## Pumpkins Amongst Corn.

Almost all "old fashioned" farmers' take off a crop of pumpkins from their corn fields, much to the annoyance of the theorist who demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that the one crop must detract from the full force of the other. But the most careful experiments show no loss to the corn. The same weight results from an acre, with or without the pumpkins. It does at first thought seem as if it ought not to be so. If it takes just so many bushels of corn to fatten a hog, it is not clear how we are to fatten two from the one quantity. This is the argument of the theorist. But the facts are as we have stated; and the reason probably is, that the pumpkins and corn feed on entirely different foods in the soil, so that the one can go on without the other.

WHAT BECOME OF THE BUMBLERS?—In reply to this question, C. V. Riley, the state entomologist of Missouri, says through the Country Gentleman, that "they all die off on approach of winter, except a few females who quit their nests and hibernate in any sheltered place they can find. These scattering females are the Methuselahs, so to speak, of their race, and with wonderful single exertion dig the holes in which they lay the foundation for a new colony, by forming their oval, unevenly built cells, and depositing eggs, which produce workers. These soon develop sufficiently to help her, and carry out her plans after she is dead."

TO HORSEMEN.—A correspondent of the Scientific American gives this advice to horsemen: Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse towards the object causing his nervousness, pull it on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from the object which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object, from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling the wrong rein.

PORK AND BEANS.—The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Prof. Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs 15 cents; half a pound of pork, 10 cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will keep a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in 50 quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to 40 men at a cost of \$1—two cents and a half a meal.

OLD EWES.—In reply to questions by a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, "Wool Grower" says: Breeding ewes will fatten well at eight years of age—if their teeth are yet good. Merinos fatten all the better for being at least four years old. Much the best plan in fattening breeding ewes is to let them go unbranded. Merino sheep have to be fattened in the summer and fall, then grained strongly through the winter to make them keep what they have. Quite old and broken-mouthed ewes can be fattened only on good grass and corn meal.

## RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY OR BLACKBERRY ACID.—Stem, wash, and pick, twelve pounds of fruit, and put in dishes, and sprinkle over them five ounces of tartaric acid, and pour over them two quarts of water. Let it stand thus for forty-eight hours, and strain it without bruising the fruit, and to every pint of juice add from one to one and a quarter pounds of powdered white sugar. Stir till dissolved, and leave it uncovered for a few days. Then bottle, and if inclined to ferment, leave the corks out for a few days.

CAULIFLOWERS.—Soak the head two hours in salt water, and cook until tender in milk and water; drain, and serve whole with drawn butter; this makes the best appearance, but it will be found to suit the taste better cut up and seasoned richly with butter and a little salt and pepper. In either case it must be well drained.

BUN FRITTERS.—Dip stale sliced buns in milk, with 2 or 3 eggs beaten well, and stirred in till completely saturated; then fry them a light brown, and dip them immediately in powdered cinnamon and sugar. Serve hot.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT CREAM.—Take new milk, scald half of it, and thicken it with flour; let it boil until all the raw taste of the flour disappears, and the whole is smooth and as thick as the thickest cream; stir it while hot in the other part of the milk, little by little; flavor with lemon and vanilla, half and half; sweeten very sweet, and strain the whole through a sieve. The milk should be boiled over water for fear of scorching, and the flour thoroughly cooked in it, or it will be very poor. If this is made properly, it will be taken for rich cream; it freezes very smoothly.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Whites and yolks of 5 eggs, 4 tablespoonsful flour, 1 pint milk, salt; beat this light, then bake. Eat with sauce.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 31 letters.  
My 2, 12, 14, 4, was an emperor of Rome.  
My 22, 27, 18, 22, 3, 7, 5, is a poem by Sir Walter Scott.  
My 15, 9, 20, 26, 3, 27, is a kingdom of Europe.  
My 21, 13, 10, 14, 3, 19, 11, 25, 27, and 6, 23, 26, 11, 27, are two celebrated yachts.  
My 22, 7, 34, 15, 29, 6, 3, 27, is a town in Liberia.  
My 30, 21, 3, 7, and 22, 3, 30, 33, 4, 9, 18, 3, are two of the United States.  
My 26, 23, 22, 3, 30, 7, 28, 16, are a tribe of Indians.  
My 17, 30, 14, 22, 4, 20, 27, is an island in the Pacific ocean.  
My 22, 27, 18, 11, 3, 14, 8, 9, 25, 31, 16, 18, was a Christian reformer.  
My 27, 11, 21, 12, 10, 30, is a city in Greece.  
My 17, 28, 7, 1, 15, is an article used in every household.  
My 11, 16, 27, is a product of China.  
My whole is an institution long to be remembered by the soldiers.  
J. P. CHESEBRO.

## Rebus.

A southern prison.  
A town in Delaware.  
A town in New York.  
A river in France.  
A city in Africa.  
A country in Europe.  
A city in Ireland.  
A river in Asia.  
A city in South America.  
One of the states.  
A town in Oregon.  
A river in Texas.  
One of the grand divisions.  
A river in Illinois.  
A lake in Minnesota.  
My initials form the name of a celebrated actress.  
AMANDA PENROSE.  
Cambridge, O.

## Problem.

If a man owe \$2,000, what sum shall he pay daily so as to cancel the debt, principal and interest, at the end of the year, reckoning interest at 6 per cent.  
W. H. MORROW.  
An answer is requested.

## Trigonometric Problem.

If I start from Philadelphia, latitude North 39° 55', and travel South 100 miles, thence West 100 miles, thence North 100 miles, thence East 100 miles, how far will I be from the place of beginning?  
JOSEPH S. PREBUS.  
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

## Conundrums.

"I say, Sam, if I tell you a lie, why is dat like my ole arm-chair?" "I doesn't see de resemblance, Pete." "Wall, look yere; 'cos it's de seat dat I use."  
What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? Ans.—One longs to eat and the other eats too long.  
What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Lard.  
When may a lot of bread be said to be inhabited? Ans.—When it has a little Indian in it.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Daniel Webster, Marshfield, Mass. ENIGMA FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS—Mannerly. ENIGMA—"There is nothing lost by courtesy."

GREEN CORN CAKES.—Grate the corn: make a rich batter with cream, or according to directions given for batter cakes. Use just enough of the batter to hold the corn together, and lay the cakes on the griddle, as you would a common griddle-cake; serve with butter.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with one gill of lemon juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

CORNUCOPIAS.—Mix in a basin one-quarter of a pound of fine white sifted sugar and two ounces of flour; break two perfectly fresh eggs into this, and beat it well. Rub a little white wax on your baking sheet, take about a desert-spoonful of the mixture and spread it in a round on your tin. Bake these three minutes, take each off with a knife, and, as you do so, carefully roll each, at the oven's mouth, into a jelly bag or cornucopia shape. Dry them a little before the fire after they are rolled, fill them with pink or white whipped cream, and send them to table on a nicely-folded napkin. They will keep for some little time, if placed in a tin box in a dry place, without the cream, which must be put in fresh when they are to be served up.

If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood-ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it; a gallon of strong lye, put into a kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain-water; some people use pearlash, or potash, but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

BREAKFAST CAKE, No. 1.—One pint of milk, three eggs, half cup melted butter; stir in flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in cups. This will rise a great deal, and the cups should be less than half full when put into the oven.

A farmer living a few miles from Yolo (Cal.) recently had occasion to visit San Francisco. On his departure he left his ranch in charge of his wife, who generally looks after the interests of her husband during his absence. Shortly after being left alone she learned that some parties were making preparations to "jump" an adjoining quarter-section of land claimed by her husband, but which had not been improved as the law directs pre-emptors to do in order to hold their estate. The energetic woman rose early in the morning, hauled lumber the distance of one mile, built a house on the disputed territory, moved her furniture into the new house and took up her abode in it, (all in one day), and held the claim in triumph until the return of her unsuspecting partner.

"That man who pays more for his rent than for his advertising does not know his business." This maxim of an experienced and successful merchant is incontrovertible. It matters less to have a fine store than that everybody should know where it is and what is in it.